

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

ROMA FUIT.

The mellow sunshine lies upon the
 grass,
 And peace and restfulness so deeply
 brood
 That you might think this place had
 been asleep
 Through all the years; the slowly
 moving sheep
 Set up a gentle cropping as they pass,
 Drowsily woven with the solitude.

Yet here of old men's restless spirit
 stirred
 The deeps of war; the crash of shield
 on targe
 Filled all the hills, and drowning all
 was heard
 The swelling thunder of a Roman
 charge.
 And now the play is ended, and they
 lie
 Where sheep are feeding and the cur-
 lews cry.

The hero lies no softer than the
 craven—
 Roman and Pict, they share the com-
 mon bed;
 Like men they battled over life's high
 seas,
 And now laid sleeping in the windless
 haven,
 Sheltered from sound of storm, they
 take their ease,
 And share the great alliance of the
 dead.

Edward Melbourne.

The New Witness.

THE MOUNTAINS.

How should you know, little ones, how
 should you know?
 The mountains gleam blue in the
 westering light
 And your eyes yearn after their
 blueness.
 Turn, little ones, turn in the hour
 of your flight
 And seek not after their blueness.
 They are dreary and grim,
 And their eyes grow dim
 Who pierce to the heart of the blue-
 ness,
 Yet, little ones, how should you
 know?

How should you know, little ones, how
 should you know?

The dreams of your childhood enfold
 you around
 And turn back the winds from the
 mountains.
 Desert not the land where your
 spring flowers abound,
 Oh, brave not the spell of the
 mountains;
 They are rugged and old.
 And their hearts grow cold
 Who breathe the chill breath of the
 mountains.
 Yet, little ones, yet you must go.

How should you know, little ones, how
 should you know?
 Your springland is ever the garden
 of life,
 Ere you traverse the mountains of
 sorrow,
 And set forth to grapple the raven-
 ing strife
 That lurks in the passes of sor-
 row.
 But a land full of song
 Where the victors throng
 Lies beyond the grim mountains of
 sorrow.
 This, little ones, this shall you
 know.

Lionel Lacey Smith.

The British Review.

IN A RESTAURANT.

He wears a red rose in his buttonhole,
 A city clerk on Sunday dining out;
 And as the music surges over the din,
 The heady quavering of the violin
 Sings through his blood, and puts old
 cares to rout,
 And tingles, quickening, through his
 shrunken soul,
 Till he forgets his ledgers, and the
 prim,
 Black, crabbed figures, and the qualmy
 smell
 Of ink and musty leather and lead-
 glaze;
 As, in eternities of summer days,
 He dives through shivering waves, or
 rides the swell
 On rose-red waves of melody aswim.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The Nation.

"THE RIGHT TO A LIVING WAGE."

Having recently joined in a "Manifesto on the principle of the Living Wage," issued by the Council for Christian Witness on Social Questions, and having also been concerned with others in a recent volume on *Property, Its Duties and Rights*, I wish to explain how the above urgent question presents itself to a growing number of people. To us it is a matter of justice rather than mercy—though each of these is involved in any worthy notion of the other; and justice is a manifold thing, as will be shown before we are done.

But, first, let us ask, what is "a living wage"? A wage enabling the worker to live. Yes, but what sort of a life? Not surely in the bare animal sense of "keeping body and soul together," it may be in misery and despair. So much is already provided for in theory at least; witness the workhouse. Nor, again, should we mean what will keep a man's body going amid conditions which allow at any rate freedom of action outside hours of work. For such freedom may be nominal or unreal, and give no chance of more than "the life of a dog." No, we should mean what will enable the worker to live a *human* life, a life that does not deny the very dignity of the idea of manhood. In a word, can one describe as a "living wage" any return for labor which gives only the opportunity of living such a life as he would feel miserable and ashamed to think of as being the lot of anyone bound to himself by the tie of blood or abiding sympathy? That is the one practical test of a real living wage; and, like all other forms of justice, it is a simple application of the final law of equity, "Do to others what, under like conditions, you would regard as right that they should do

unto you." Or to put it more popularly, it is the law of fair play applied to the question of the living wage.

Now in this light it is at once clear that "a living wage" must include the possibility not only of keeping the body in health and strength, but also of realizing those powers of the soul, or higher human life within, which alone make it a matter of moment to keep body and soul together at all. Exactly how much this involves as a minimum, it is hard to say; but it certainly goes beyond what most recognize as the inalienable right of every human being in a civilized country. A human standard of living means in any case more than a standard of eating, and clothing to correspond, though these are the most obvious necessities, the lack of which is at once brought home to all. But, as has been well pointed out by Professor E. J. Urwick in *The Standard of Life*, a human being needs also, first and foremost, a home to live in that is a real home; and, next, certain things requisite to the proper development of thought and feeling, such as reasonable leisure, recreation, and means of culture on the level of his capacity. All these are needful to the moulding of the raw material of humanity into what every man or woman has it in them to become; and unless they realize this possibility of their nature, there is the saddest of wastes to the community. For the true wealth of a people is the quality of its members, of those least favored by Nature as well as of those more highly endowed. And what is life apart from hope of better things? Yet how many of our people lack a steady and assured return for their daily toll in any sense satisfying this test. A "living wage"

is found to raise the question of the meaning of human life, of manhood, and what it needs for its development; and this in turn raises the question of property. For a living wage, rightly viewed, is seen to be one which allows not only for a wholesome and decent life in some sort of "home," but also for the gathering of a certain amount of property, as the plant, so to speak, for the working out of the inner wealth wrapped up in every sane soul of man. This is the minimum which anyone would freely accept for himself or those he really cares for, if the choice "to live or not to live" were offered to him when coming into the world; and nothing less than this, so far as it depends upon his fellow men, is really justice. Anything short of it is in fact of the nature of slavery, a lot imposed on a man by compulsion and borne only of necessity, leaving behind it the rankling sense of an unnatural state of things due to wrongful use of power by others.

Thus we have come upon the vital topic of property. Property and the control of things—whether land, money, or what not—is one thing when viewed in relation to a man's own uses (including the benefit of those dependent on him): it is another so far as used to control other persons through things, giving power over their well-being, or even their very livelihood. Hence what is needful in the interests alike of individuals, who suffer by being stunted in body and soul, and of the community as a whole, is that there should be some authority above all persons and bodies of persons in the Commonwealth to arbitrate between employer and employed, and to see that the "power" of property is not misused by any. This means that the nominal freedom of contract, which is in fact illusory as between parties unequal in resources—where one cannot afford to abstain from coming to

terms at once, even though they be terms unfair to himself—should be made more of a reality, by certain extremely unfavorable terms to this weaker party being ruled out. That is, a minimum wage relative to the needs of a human being under given conditions, his "living wage" in some sense, must be fixed by an impartial umpire, ultimately representing the State or the collective interests of the whole community. This has been admitted in certain specially obvious and urgent cases, what are called "sweated" industries. But in principle it applies to all cases, as the resource which the Commonwealth must hold in reserve for use whenever the human problem created by the "power" advantages of property does not seem likely to be solved by the ordinary action of economic and moral forces. The matter has been well put by Mr. J. E. G. de Montmorency in reviewing "Property, its Duties and Rights," in the January number of this Review. It is agreed that it would be disastrous to suppress private property (mainly "for use"); but that is no reason why the State should not largely supplement the powers of the individual (as concerns the use of property "for power"). From the earliest ages of law the State has always supplemented or completed for necessary legal purposes an imperfect personality. In the conclusion of every contract relating to land or personal service, the State should make the parties free and equal negotiators. And may we not add, "especially the wage-earner," seeing that he is bargaining about his *all*, his body and his very soul, as regards much of their daily health and well-being? To all this it has often been objected, that to control or restrict the "power" use of property would be to cut the nerve of enterprise and check individuality in the owners of property as captains of industry. But the reply is conclu-

sive on two lines. First the inventive or industrial individuality of the few is now bought at the price of the opportunities of the many for the development of like qualities, to the impoverishment of the general good. Secondly, the warping and starving of human life, for the majority in body and mind, and in moral quality and refinement for all concerned, is incalculably greater than any industrial efficiency can compensate—even were it true that the greatest efficiency lay that way. But in fact it is not so. As Bishop Gore asks in the book already cited, "What about the energy of the masses of men who can acquire no property or no sufficient property to give them secure status and hope? If you go some way towards equalizing opportunity, as between one man and another, will you not stimulate a thousand energies and interests to one which you may check?" by limiting the now unlimited dreams of individual greed for property and its power. This line of thought points to the type of industrial organization to be striven for as in substance co-operation, with profit-sharing, as that which will most develop all concerned, both technically and as men.

And so we come back again to the "Living Wage" as condition of securing a living soul, a personality alive on all its sides, and in possession of all its native powers. This is the true end of all human efforts both individual and social, that by which civilization itself must in the last resort be tested. It is in justice to true manhood, we say, the supreme asset and interest of humanity at large, that a true living wage is to be insisted upon, first its bare essentials, but later in an ever fuller sense. Justice has here three aspects; civic, human, Divine. For the worker is to-day—as he has not always been—recognized in theory at least to be at once a citizen, a free

man, and a child of God, in an equal sense with the biggest owner of property. In this we have a fact of tremendous moral meaning and appeal for ever more equal opportunities. With the first two of these aspects of a truly living wage as demanded by simple justice, we have been virtually dealing all along. I mean justice to the citizen as member of a body politic, in which all are mutually dependent, and none is well or ill off as a bare individual, by his own unaided will and efforts; and justice to the human being, as member of a race endowed with boundless capacities and aspirations for the Good, the True, the Beautiful, and for a life happy in loyalty to these and in the dignity and value which these confer on the soul. But there is a third, to which recognition of the high instincts of human nature already points with growing force, as such instincts find development, namely, justice to men as related to the ultimate source of their own existence, and of the world of force and opportunities, amidst which they find themselves placed and impelled by inward needs to play their part. This aspect of the matter is really more fundamental, and counts for more even than the others, once it is realized. But as it requires considerable reflection, and in most cases some freedom of mind from the driving pressure of anxiety for the supply of bodily needs, it is not generally felt, especially amid our modern conditions—the "dead" things by which city life surrounds the soul of men, and the pitiless play of forces about him, the positive aspects of which the helpless individual finds it hard to grasp. None the less the fact remains that behind the society itself, and behind Nature upon which all its productive energies depend for any and every result, there is a source and cause of both, and of the mutual rela-

tions into which they are able to come. This we must needs conceive chiefly in terms of the highest and most creative of its own products, the mind and soul of man at his best. What we have called human personality, as a unified whole of thought and feeling and purpose, is the most satisfying image which we can form of this nature of that Power which progressively organizes all things about us and within us towards an "increasing purpose," which even we can discern in the light of what has already been wrought out in the past. But such a Power, whom we call God, must needs have absolute or first and last rights over all that He has made and is making, in and through the energies of Nature and the human soul. Ultimately and strictly, then, all human "rights" must be derivative from His and conditional upon subserving His will and purpose for the whole; and in so far as we can discern the trend of that purpose and will, human and relative rights emerge for us, to which our claims, as echoing His claims and rights in us, must conform, on pain of ceasing to be rights at all. In this sense, there are no human rights which are entitled to be considered and enforced save in the name of Divine; all others are conventional and provisional. Of course, the reading of the Divine Will is a slow and delicate matter, and one which we have to keep close to the slowly formed convictions and persistent instincts of the mass of the men and women of good will and of practical wisdom, tested on the largest scale both of time and of varied conditions. But the great thing, the thing that most matters, is one's attitude to human life in general, the practical conviction that all human property of every kind must be meant by its Creator for the greatest good of all men, particularly as it is an indispensable condition to their realizing

the possibilities of their God-given nature. To any man who so views his fellows, the guiding principles of his duty will become sufficiently clear and impressive in the light of the central idea that man's moral and spiritual nature is the real, though imperfect image of the Divine; while for the Christian, who sees God supremely in the face of Jesus Christ, there is but little difficulty in knowing the direction of the Divine will and of his duty as loyalty to the Divine ideal in human life. Two things in particular will be as clear as day to him, so far as his will does not warp his judgment: first the supreme value of the human soul as destined to be conformed to the likeness of Christ, and so of God—a value which must rule his getting and use of all *things* in his dealings with men; and second, that he himself, like all men, holds all he has in trust to God as over-lord, as the ultimate Producer of all. For whatever the instrumentality or agency immediately concerned in the production of property, a man needs the co-operation of (a) natural forces, (b) other men (body and soul), (c) such powers as he finds innate in his own body and soul. None of these has he "produced"; by these co-factors in production, then, his "right" to what he is said to "produce" is in justice limited. Particularly is this so as regards the "rights" of his fellow-men. From any and every point of view, whether God be recognized as real owner in the last resort or not, there are no such things as absolute social rights: all are relative to the common good, just as they have sprung in the main from the action of the whole society. But to those who recognize God as the Maker and Preserver of all things, visible and invisible, the limitation of rights by the principle of Stewardship to another for the use of property which comes into one's hands

in the co-operative life of the commonwealth, and for the methods by which it so comes—so far as the individual can choose these—is enforced on the conscience by a moral dynamic of special and searching power. To such the law of economic life is plain even for “him who runs,” and it is this: “Never sacrifice persons (God’s primary property, His interest) to things.” Thus one must never think of “rights” in property as entitled for a moment to stand against the God-given right to a living wage for all over whom property gives us control—the control in large part of their means of realizing their Divine vocation in life. Here we have the final justification for defining “living wage” in the large sense given to it in our opening paragraphs; and here, too, we have the one moral dynamic which has proved itself in the past, as also in the present, able on any large scale to make men and women face the sacrifice of individual gain, whether as superfluity or as sufficiency, requisite to fulfil the Christian law of Love, which is also that of divine and human justice—to give others the chance

The Contemporary Review.

of life which alone one would consider fair, were one in their place.

Such is the right to a living wage. On those who have the duty of employing others it lays a serious task. Justice demands that the rights of property shall bend to the superior rights of men to a living wage—including, of course, the employer’s own *bonâ fide* needs as a man. In this sense the living wage for all the workers must be the first moral charge on profits. It is for employers, as good citizens, as humanitarians, as Christians in particular, to prove whether they realize the meaning of their own professions, and will obey it. It is not their part to consider the way in which those whose “right” they thus reverence may use or abuse, especially at first when untrained by use to make the best of it, their fuller trust of means to which they have the right. The possibility of abuse does not cancel right, as we feel when fresh means come our way or that of our friends; but it does impose upon us all fresh concern for the education of the whole community in human ideals and methods of living.

Vernon Bartlett.

SCENES ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

On landing at Colon, nineteen days out from Southampton by the Royal Mail, one realizes at once the extent to which the United States is committed to the Panama route for an Isthmian Canal, and that, landslides notwithstanding, they are not likely to change it for another. Since my last visit two years ago new piers and wharves have been built and vast store-houses of reinforced concrete have arisen. The huge cold-storage ship *Ancon* was unloading alongside the commissary, and near by lay the battleship *Minnesota* with its two

towers of steel lattice work which do duty for masts. Out in the bay was a flotilla of five submarines.

The Lake.

Leaving the train at Gatun, eight miles from Colon, I saw, perhaps, the greatest transformation of scenery which has ever been produced by man in so short a space of time. At Gatun the width of the Chagres Valley is reduced by the approach of the hills on either side, which are here separated by a distance of only one-and-a-half miles. Across this gap a broad earthen

mound has been slowly and cautiously piled up during the last six or seven years, the waters of the Chagres escaping meanwhile through a spillway left open in the middle of the dam. Two years ago the gates of the spillway were closed. The ponded waters of the Chagres and its tributaries have now risen to a height of eighty-five feet above sea-level, and have a depth of about eighty feet against the dam. The lake thus formed is shaped like an octopus, the arms being the winding valleys of the Gatun, Quebrancha, Cano, Gigante, Trinidad, Siro Grande, and Siricillo rivers, and the upper valley of the Chagres itself. From North-east to South-west the lake stretches for thirty miles, and from North-west to South-east, where lies the channel of the canal, for twenty-three miles. Its size is twice that of the Lago Maggiore.

The dam, or embankment, which retains it is now neatly finished off; the little waves of the lake lap against the lock gates at the eastern end of the dam, a few inches below a mark on the concrete wall where the number 85 in huge letters shows the final level of the water. After so many years of activity and untidiness it gives one a curious sensation to see anything on the Canal Zone, neat, finished, and deserted.

The re-located railway to Panama skirts the eastern margin of the lake, occasionally crossing an arm upon an embankment. Here the trees are dying, their white and naked branches telling against the blue water and the blue sky.

It is now possible for the tourist to traverse the lake from Gatun to Gamboa along the twenty-three miles of the buoyed-out channel which ships will follow. The channel itself was cleared of trees; and its vicinity, which has been flooded for some time, is already clear of vegetation, for the trees soon fall and their soft substance

breaks up quickly into match wood. Lion Hill, which used to be a conspicuous feature from the old Panama Railroad, is an island, one of several which stand like emeralds in the lake. As we followed the turnings of the channel it was possible, with the aid of a map, to identify the sites of submerged villages and railway stations; and we passed close to the great excavation made by the French at Bohio where the locks for their canal were to have been. This trip was made in a sight-seeing barge fitted up by the Canal Commission for the benefit of tourists. It only goes as far as Gamboa, stopping short of the Culebra Cut, now given over to the dredging fleet—of which more anon.

I made another trip on the lake in a steam tug to the Cano saddle on the upper waters of the Rio Trinidad, about twenty miles from Gatun. The last part of the way was through a lane or avenue cut to permit the passage of boats through the half-submerged forest. Here, where the waters of the lake have only recently risen, the trees still retain their leaves and flowers and the scene is very beautiful. Its interest is enhanced by the presence of water-fowl which have already found the new feeding ground; white cranes and gray, duck and cormorant, and solemn pelicans flapping heavily along. I saw water-snakes also and a huge iguana lying along the branch of a tree, looking like a much-magnified chameleon.

New plants have also appeared on the lake, of which the most conspicuous is a floating cup of green leaves with long dangling roots popularly known as "water lettuce." It appears in small patches on the surface of the lake, but the strong trade-wind drifts the plant into the bays and backwaters, on many of which it forms a continuous covering many acres in extent.

The "Cano saddle" is a place where the water-parting between Lake Gatun and the Atlantic is only five feet above the level of the former. It is, moreover, only a narrow ridge, and its summit is but a few yards from the lake. The spot is remote from habitations, and a landing party from a hostile fleet could soon make a trench which would drain off and lower the waters of the lake to a serious extent. So a great embankment is being constructed here to make the task too long and laborious to be achieved quickly or by stealth. The work has been put out to contract, instead of being undertaken by the Canal Commission, and the sanitary precautions customary on the Zone are not enforced. We brought back a white American suffering from a severe attack of malaria, and the doctors who accompanied us were of opinion that the whole force engaged on the work would shortly be down with fever.

The tug boat which took us to the "saddle" was a part of the old French equipment, much of which is still in use, and is remarkable for its excellence and durability. Yet the legend of the French having sent snow-ploughs to Panama still survives. This curious tale has, I believe, been traced to its origin. The French contractors supplied a number of large, light, wooden shovels for handling ashes from the boilers of the various engines. They resembled the shovels used in the United States for removing snow from the foot-pavements, and the report spread there that snow shovels had been supplied at Panama. In England we do not have snow shovels, but we use snow-ploughs. Thus, when the legend crossed the Atlantic, it underwent a further development, and we were told that snow-ploughs might be seen rotting in the jungle at Panama.

The Waterfall.

The rainfall and the rivers have flooded the low valleys within the calculated time, the great dam has held the waters up, and the ground on which it was built has not allowed them to escape by percolation. Thus the engineers can afford to "waste" water through the spillway gates. The spillway consists of a curved concrete wall covering a gap in the centre of the great dam to a height of sixty-nine feet above sea-level, surmounted by concrete piers between which are fourteen flood gates, great steel shutters which can be raised or lowered by electric power.

One morning in February seven of the fourteen gates were raised for a few hours. When I arrived on the spot these gates were already open and the waters of the lake, pouring through them in converging torrents, met in conflict on the northern side. The water is further broken by short pillars called baffle piers and is flung up in a huge seething dome. This heaves up and down as if panting in the struggle. A cataract of waters flows out from the foot of the dome and races seawards down the smooth concrete channel to the sea. Great standing waves diverge in diagonal ridges from the side walls of the channel, and against the piers of the railway bridge below the water rises up in crests shaped like the bow-wave of a torpedo boat and some fifteen feet in height. In the spillway-fall and spillway-rapid we have an artificial reproduction of the horse-shoe falls of Niagara and of the whirlpool rapids, but with the latter brought close to the foot of the falls, instead of being separated by a long, deep pool of quiet water. When all the gates of the spillway are opened, the discharge is, indeed, greater than that of the Falls of Niagara.

I was present during the closing of

some of the gates. In response to the movement of an electric switch at a distant station the great steel shutters slowly and quietly sank into the flowing water, shutting off one after another of the seven convergent waterfalls. The accompanying changes in the waves of the spillway-torrent were very remarkable. The quantity of water being reduced, the depth of the torrent was correspondingly diminished, and when not more than one or two feet, a great travelling wave with a foaming front and resembling the bore of the River Severn, was discharged down channel at each partial subsidence of the seething dome of water which is formed where the cataracts converge.

Engineers have spoilt many waterfalls, but at Gatun they have presented the world with a new waterfall which it is worth going far to see.

The Great Landslides.

It was intended that the new Panama Railroad should be carried through the Culebra Cut on a terrace ten feet above the surface of the canal and only a few yards from the bank. The collapse of the banks has made this impossible, and after passing Gamboa on the southern journey the train swung out to the east, through country in which I had never been before, taking us round the back of Gold Hill, a celebrated eminence at the summit of the Isthmus, where the cut is deepest. It was here that I received the first of several shocks which I was to experience during this (my fifth) visit to the Isthmus. The north flank of Gold Hill had been stripped bare of its covering of vegetation by the operation of hydraulic jets, and the raw, red earth showed like a great flesh wound. The rotten sediments which rest against the north face of the solid core of the hill were being washed away to the east, i.e.,

away from the canal. The breaking of the bank had actually extended so far that it was convenient and profitable and expedient to wash away the banks of the canal into the next valley. A little further on I received another shock. In the thin ridge which extends southward from the rounded top of Gold Hill a huge notch had been cut by other hydraulic jets, another gaping red wound. I knew that behind this was the Cucuracha slide. The thin ridge of unbroken rock at the back, i.e., east, of the Cucuracha slide was being battered to pieces by the hydraulic jet in order to get at the flowing earth behind it and wash this likewise away from the cut into the valley to the east. We arrived at the Tivoli Hotel, near Panama, too late to get to the Culebra Cut and see what was on the other side, but a special sight-seeing train took us early next morning to a view-point on the west bank of the canal a little south of Gold Hill on the opposite side of the canal and immediately opposite the Cucuracha slide. The view-point is at an elevation above the water sufficient to enable one to appreciate the height of the landslide, which has the appearance of a red glacier, barred with narrow bands of bright green, where the trees and shrubs still stand upon the narrow platform provided by the summits of the *seracs*. The topmost break, corresponding to the *bergshrunde* is nearly at the summit of the ridge, five hundred and eighty-five feet above canal bottom, five hundred and forty feet above the surface of the water in the cut. It is about five hundred yards, horizontally, back from the canal, and the face of this moving mass of earth extends for seven hundred yards along the east bank. Here were congregated a whole fleet of dredgers which work day and night shovelling out the earth and rock from the bed of the canal. As they remove

the supporting material at the bottom they accelerate the flow from above, so that during the three and a half weeks that I watched their work they barely held their own, maintaining a waterway of less than two-thirds the proper width and less than one-half the proper depth of the channel. The visible change produced by the work of the dredgers was in the upper part of the landslide which, as it settled, exposed behind and above it a higher cliff of the unbroken rock.

The western bank, opposite the Cucuracha slide stands firm, but just north of Gold Hill the banks have broken on both sides. My first view of this, the second danger point of the cut, was from the bend of the carriage road at Culebra village, just at the back of the spot where the Y.M.C.A. Clubhouse used to stand. From a spot near by I had my first general view of the great artificial gorge in 1907, and I always hasten to the place when I arrive on the Isthmus and linger there before I leave. Gold Hill on the opposite bank is the central feature of the view. The summit, six hundred and twenty-five feet above canal bottom, is at some distance to the east of the canal, the highest point of the escarpment being four hundred and ninety feet above canal bottom. Hitherto this has been the deepest part of the cut, but now, as already mentioned, the Cucuracha slide has broken back to a point somewhat higher. The escarpment of Gold Hill is very steep, for the core is of compact, eruptive rock which can bear its own weight without crushing, but the slopes which flank the hill on the north are composed of rotten volcanic sediments, the collapse of which forms the east Culebra slide. It was on the reverse slope of this that the hydraulic jets were working, and on the top of the front slope, facing the canal, steam shovels were busy removing material

so as to reduce the total weight and also diminish the thrust of the remaining material by flattening the slope at which it stands. At the foot of the slope dredgers were working removing the material which was encroaching upon the channel from the east. The East Culebra slide is not so high nor so mobile as the Cucuracha slide, nevertheless, this point of the canal is, not less than Cucuracha, a danger point, because the west bank of the canal at Culebra, exactly opposite to it, is also pushing out. Below where I stood dredgers were at work at the foot of the west bank, and a much-restricted waterway separated them from their fellows working on the east side. From the northern extremity of the east and west Culebra slides to the southern end of the Cucuracha slide is barely one and a half miles, but it is the deepest part of the cut, and it was the last where full depth and width of channel were attained. It is only lately, therefore, that the banks have been subjected to the full stress, and the landslides are at an earlier stage of their life history than those to north and south of them. How long it will be before they are dead no one knows exactly. The optimists measure their life in months and the pessimists in centuries. Even if they come to a standstill in 1914, it will be some years before we can be sure that their activity will not be subsequently renewed.

The whole course of life and thought upon the Canal Zone has been affected by the unexpected increase in the landslides. The officials are frankly bored. Most of them have completed their tasks, yet the canal cannot be used. Activity is therefore now concentrated on the two places where the cut is narrowed, and the most animated scene on the canal to-day is down in the cut itself at the foot of the Cucuracha slide.

Leaving Panama by the 7.30 train one morning for Pedro Miguel, I embarked there on a motor launch and was taken through the cut. Wreaths of white mist rolled between the hills, alternately hiding and disclosing the menace of the landslides. The red and green of the Cucuracha slide were backed by the black escarpment of Gold Hill. The hissing jet of an hydraulic monitor was washing the loose mud into the chocolate-colored water of the cut, the suction dredges dealing with the material as it came in. The endless chain of the ladder dredges scooped up the firmer soil with their revolving buckets, and the rocky part of the slide, at its northern end, was being tackled by the enormous scoops of the dipper dredges. Alongside lay the barges into which the spoil is loaded and the tugs which haul them to the dumping places in backwaters of the lake. We steered through the busy fleet, until a burst of angry hootings warned us that we had arrived at an inauspicious moment. We hove to and watched for the dynamite blast, remaining on deck just long enough to see the explosion and then ducking hastily below in time to avoid the flying fragments. Then we went on past the foot of

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Gold Hill, between the east and west Culebra slides, as far as Empire. Here the banks are now relatively stable, and I think that planting might with advantage be soon begun, with binding grasses, shrubs, and trees. A covering of vegetation is needed to protect the banks from the heavy rainfall, and the excavation has gone so deep and lasted so long that it will not do to trust entirely to spontaneous growth.

Returning through the cut, when the mists had cleared, I landed on the Cucuracha slide. Scrambling about its lower slopes was much like exploring the snout of a glacier, crevasses, seracs, and surface streams, all were there, and broken rocks floating down upon the slowly-moving surface.

The last I saw of the slide, was at night coming back by the late train from Culebra. The cut was lighted by electricity and the fleet of dredgers were hard at it. They are worked in double shifts twenty hours out of the twenty-four, that all may be ready for the ceremonial opening next New Year's Day. The American people have waited ten years for that day, and they mean to make the spectacle one of the most imposing that the world has ever seen.

Vaughan Cornish.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

No doubt Friulein was right. Although by trade a cook, Mr. Digby was undoubtedly a man of breeding and education and could never meet Priscilla on equal terms. It was unthinkable, so Priscilla thought of it and dreamed of it, and hoped against hope to meet him again. On Christmas Day she did not see him to say good-bye.

She was in the scullery washing up, when she heard him bid Mrs. Enfield good-night. "Say good-night to Priscilla," he had ended, and she had rushed to the door to answer for herself. But he was swift on his feet and half-way up the stairs by the time she reached the passage. When Jane and she went to bed they were both too tired to chatter, too tired even to

grumble. Luckily they were young and healthy and fell asleep at once, with the alarm set later than usual by Mrs. Brinton's considerate orders. But it was still dark when it woke them and Priscilla still ached and felt stiff with the work of the day before.

"To-day it's our turn," were Jane's first words.

"I got nowhere to go," said Priscilla flatly; for that had been her trouble ever since she had come to service in London. The outings other girls looked forward to she dreaded because she did not know what to do with them. When she had a week evening she could walk right along Oxford Street looking at the shops and, when the shops were shut, looking at the crowd. She could amuse herself very well in this way for two or three hours, and she was getting to know her way about her part of London a little. But when it came to her Sunday out, she was stumped, she owed to Jane. It isn't pleasant for a pretty, self-respecting girl of Priscilla's class to wander about by herself for seven hours at a stretch on Sunday with very little money in her pocket and a body that gets tired and hungry. Men spoke to her and followed her, sometimes offered her meals, sometimes frightened her. The great thing, Jane told her, was never to look as if she was loitering. Always walk straight ahead, she must, as if she was in a hurry, and never on any account answer a man. Once you spoke you made it more difficult for yourself.

"The kind of man you would like to be followed by doesn't look at you," said Priscilla. She was making the usual hasty morning toilet of a girl who has a great deal of dusty, greasy work to do before the afternoon. She was in a despondent mood and spoke in a despondent tone.

"You never know what's before you," said Jane, with the cheerful

good sense everyone liked in her. "I wouldn't change Albert with anyone, and I believe he'll stick to me. I believe he'll get on too. He's one of your steady ones, and they're the winners as a rule."

"Where did you meet him?"

"I knew Ern Spark's young lady and she introduced me. I never liked her and was not at all intimate, but I knew her."

"I don't seem to know anyone but Gertie and Polly Spiller. Gertie doesn't want me Sundays because she's with Reggy; and Polly Spiller——"

"She's that black-eyed girl I met you with last Sunday week?"

"Yes. I've been with her twice lately. She's good-natured enough."

"A bit too good-natured perhaps. Takes up with anyone."

"That's it," said Priscilla.

"Meadows says we skivvies ought to combine and have a union and set up our own clubs all over London, where we could go for food and shelter—especially Sundays. Above all keep it in our own hands, she says. No ladies and parsons in the pie advisin' this and forbiddin' that, and hymn-singing. What we want is warm, well-lighted, comfortable rooms where we can meet our friends and have tea and trust ourselves to keep it respectable. Gentlemen friends, too, of course. Why not?"

"It sounds lovely," said Priscilla.

"We ought to do it. It only wants a little organizin'. The trouble always is to keep the interferin' people out. It's a scandal the way young respectable women have to walk about in all weathers with their young men they're going to marry, because there isn't a roof where they can have food and shelter as a right." Jane got quite heated and ungrammatical when she talked of the Sunday difficulties felt by all the best of her class, but not yet met in any practical way.

"I dunno whether it could be worked though," said Priscilla pensively. "You get a girl like Polly Spiller into a club——"

"She beyaves or she's chucked out. That's easy enough," said Jane. "You'd have sensible women like Mrs. Enfield managin' them. They wouldn't stand much nonsense."

"There'd be a lot o' chuckin'," said Priscilla, and then she had to hurry down to light her fires. The family was going out for the day and all the younger maids had the day off too, if they chose. Mrs. Enfield was going to take care of the house and was expecting a married brother and his family to visit her. That made it difficult for Priscilla to stay at home. She would have felt herself in the way. So she went upstairs to dress when Jane did in the middle of the morning, and put on her Sunday coat and skirt and the fur hat she had bought herself out of last month's wages. Next month she meant to buy herself a fur for the neck too.

"Where you goin'?" asked Jane.

"I shall just go for a walk, and then I shall come back and sit up here and read and write letters. I'm a deal too tired to walk far. P'raps I'll go to bed if I'm cold."

"But what'll you do about dinner and tea?"

"I'll fare sumptuous somehow. Don't you trouble about me. I know where the larder is."

"Well, wait for me. We may as well start together. I'm goin' to meet Albert in front of the Museum. We always meet there. He likes watchin' the pigeons."

Priscilla had seen Albert, but had not yet spoken to him. She thought he looked as if he had not much conversation. He was rather poorly made, beady eyed and sallow, but he had a good-natured glance and smile. She did not think he looked man enough

for Jane, but Jane said she had seen enough of the world to value steadiness in work and kindness at home when she married, and with Albert she felt sure of both. She had walked out with a soldier for more than a year, a man with square shoulders and as tall as a lamp-post. But he had been ordered to India, and then she was the girl he left behind him. She had fretted a bit at first, but not for long. Albert was a teetotaler and the soldier had been very much the reverse.

"One of those Mulvanys," said Jane. "Nice to read about, but not to live with. He never had a shilling and his wife won't either."

Priscilla meant to turn back this morning directly she saw Albert, but when the two girls got to the Museum he was not there yet.

"First time I've known him not punctual," said Jane, and as she spoke he appeared, accompanied by a friend.

"He's got Ern with him," whispered Jane excitedly. "Come and be introduced."

For a few moments the four young people made one of the groups you may see anywhere in London on a Sunday afternoon: the two girls both pretty, well-behaved and as near the fashion as you can be on moderate wages, and the two men wearing bowler hats, black coats and stiff collars, more sheepish in manner than the girls and less keen about the day's pleasure.

"You see it's like this," said Albert, "Mrs. Spark has sent Ern to ask you and me to dinner."

"I'm sure it's very kind of her," said Jane.

"Well, I'll be goin' on," said Priscilla, and she turned away. She felt forlorn and what she called cryish, but it could not be helped. She had no friends in London, or indeed anywhere, but that was because her parents were poor. What freckles Mr. Spark had! —they turned him into a sort of yel-

low man—only he had blue babyish eyes with them and a rather tender mouth. He looked as if you could easily hurt him, and, as Priscilla knew, he had been dreadfully hurt quite lately. A hurried step close behind led her to turn her head, and there he was trying to overtake her.

"Won't you come too?" he said.

"Come where?"

"To dinner with us."

Priscilla hesitated and looked at Jane, who came up now with Albert.

"You know you can, Priscilla," said Jane. "Ern says his mother will be pleased to see any lady friend of mine."

The gloomy outlook suddenly turned bright. Mr. Spark felt more cheerful than he had been able to for weeks when he saw Priscilla's lovely eyes half cry and half laugh with pleasure and relief.

"Sure I sha'n't be in the way?" she said, as she walked beside him. They were going to take a bus.

"I shouldn't think you were ever in the way anywhere," said Mr. Spark.

He said "wy" for way, and occasionally he dropped an alitch, but you can imagine him a nice little man for all that, the only son of a widowed mother and the best of sons; an affectionate, tender nature, not a fool, commonly educated because his father had been poor, but not dissatisfied with his place in the world. Why should he have been? His mother and he were comfortably off now. Mrs. Spark's house in Canonbury Square was always full of lodgers, because she cooked well, was a cheerful, bustling creature and made city gentlemen comfortable. She would not take ladies unless they were at some work that kept them out of the house all day, and then she said she preferred the sterner sex. She liked ladies all right, she would explain, but they were more difficult to please than

gentlemen and gave more trouble. You didn't find a gentleman wanting to wash blouses in the bathroom or dress-make in the parlor, leaving a slop and a litter. All her gentlemen were out when our party of four arrived at the house, and they found dinner laid for seven in the dining-room. Three related Sparks were coming as well as Albert and his Jane; but Mrs. Sparksaid she hated an uneven number, because it made the table look lop-sided, and that Priscilla was more than welcome. She took the girls up to a first-floor bedroom to remove their hats and coats, a well-furnished bedroom, obviously let to one of the city gentlemen at present, for there were his leather kitbags, his dumb-bells, his theatrical beauties and a long row of boots.

"I shall lose Mr. Billman soon," said Mrs. Spark, throwing open the folding doors to let in more light and to show the first-floor front. "He's been with me four years and we're mutually sorry to part. He's goin' to be married. 'And I only hope, Mrs. Spark, that the future Mrs. Billman will make me as comfortable as you've done,' he says. But she won't. I've seen her. I know in a minute if a girl's the kind a sensible man ought to marry, and she isn't."

"Are we?" said Jane. "It's like havin' your fortune told, Mrs. Spark."

Mrs. Spark laughed.

"A man might do worse than either of you," she said. "Both neat and smart and pretty—both good-tempered. Avoid a temper and avoid a fool, I shall say to Ern if ever he asks me. But he doesn't seem to get over it at all. I wish I could give that minx a piece of my mind. She'd feel cheaper for a day or two."

"It was the way she did it," said Jane, and Ern's mother nodded in assent. Priscilla knew the story. One morning Ern had come down to breakfast and had found on his plate a lit-

tle wedged-shaped postal package. "Looks like wedding cake," he said; and it was wedding cake from the young woman who had promised to marry him and the young man she had married two days ago. No letter, no apologies, no explanation! Just the cake and their united names with her name in a corner, quite correct and fashionable, but how unkind! Poor Ern had gone to his work with red eyes, and no shame to him neither, said Mrs. Spark.

Priscilla could not help watching him when she went down and wondering whether the flame of love still hurt and occupied Ern as since yesterday it had done her. He ate a good dinner and so did she. A frosty winter air and the morning out in it makes young folk hungry even when it seems to them rather heartless to eat just as usual. Mrs. Spark gave her friends a dinner good enough for an alderman. One of her city gentlemen had given her an enormous turkey and she had stuffed it with chestnuts. It came to table a veritable mountain of a bird garlanded with sausages browned to a turn. After the turkey came plum-pudding and mince-pies. After the sweets half a Stilton cheese "from Mr. Billman" said Mrs. Spark. After the cheese, dessert, port, crackers. No work to do either, no changing of plates and no washing-up. Mrs. Spark's little general, Susie, did that. Priscilla looked at her stealthily and hoped she was not very tired; but it was a treat for once to have a meal for which you were in no way responsible. Priscilla had been invited out so seldom in her life that she enjoyed it absurdly. She was rather quiet at first because she was a stranger amongst people who knew each other well; but she looked very pretty, and Mrs. Spark noticed that Ern paid her considerable attention. Gravy and bread sauce were offered her the moment she wanted

them, and towards the end of dinner, when she had been persuaded to have half-a-glass of port, and when she wore a paper crown from one of the crackers, the young man's eyes showed everyone at table that, thanks to Priscilla, he was at last getting over it.

Dessert lasted a long time. They all gathered round the fire to crack nuts and roast chestnuts, and they all wore paper head-dresses out of the crackers. Ern wore a white sunbonnet with strings, in which his mother said he looked just like he looked when he was a baby. He took it off at once when she said this and observed that he wasn't a baby now.

"I may be going out to India soon," he said, with a sideways glance at Priscilla apropos of nothing.

"What's that?" said Mrs. Spark, her glass arrested half-way to her mouth.

Ern said that his firm sent one or two of their best clerks out to India every year, and he didn't wish to boast, but he'd given satisfaction lately. Why not him as well as another? Mrs. Spark said if that was all she wouldn't worry herself this afternoon, and she wished he'd give Aunt Emily another glass of port instead of making his mother's heart thump with such preposterous ideas.

"London for all of us," said Mrs. Spark, and looked at her fireside circle.

"We had a gentleman cook to our place yesterday," said Jane suddenly. The conversation was of that kind when everyone felt a little sleepy—too sleepy for discussions, and too polite for silence. You agreed or you disagreed with what was put forward, but you could not be troubled to say so at any length.

"I never heard of such a thing," said Mrs. Spark.

"What was he like?" said Ern.

"Ask Priscilla," said Jane.

It was too bad of Jane. Priscilla

turned quite pale and her heart began to thump. Luckily Ern did not ask her, for at the moment she could not have spoken. He reached out for the port and filled his own glass a second time, with a determination that somehow told Priscilla such excess was unusual. His mother's eyes were on him as he did it, but she said nothing.

"He was attractive," volunteered Jane, "but of course I hardly spoke to him. It was Priscilla who stood by his side and helped him all day and looked after him. You must have got to know him quite well."

"I don't suppose I shall ever see him again," said Priscilla.

"He was like that," said Jane, pointing to a Durer print that belonged to the ground-floor gentleman and hung where she could see it. It was the portrait of a man with refined, ascetic features, a fifteenth-century cap and long, wavy hair.

"Call that attractive!" said Albert.

"I call it a Guy Fawkes," said Mrs. Spark. "Can't think why Mr. Edwards wants it where it stares him in the face. But, you know, he's a school-master."

"Real life is different," argued Jane. "It's the hair gives him the Guy Fawkes appearance in the picture."

"What sort of hair had the gentleman cook?" said Uncle George, who was rabid about class distinctions. He said they didn't exist, and he hated them.

"I didn't notice, did you, Priscilla?" said Jane.

"It was rather like that, only short. It was wavy," said Priscilla. "I noticed the likeness the moment I came into the room."

"How about snapdragon?" said Ern. "We're getting sleepy. At least I am. Let's wake ourselves up, and let's put that old Guy Fawkes with his face to the wall. Shall us?"

He looked at Priscilla, but she made

no sign. Certainly she did not look approving.

"Leave him as he is," said Mrs. Spark. "He won't do you no harm."

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him," said Ern, "alive or dead."

"You're not at all likely to cross each other's path," said Jane wisely.

"If ever I do!" said Ern in a warlike tone; but he did not say what would happen if ever he did!

CHAPTER XIV.

Between Christmas and Easter Priscilla did not see Mr. Digby again. She was as much in love with him as a girl in the crowd must often have been with a gladiator or a winning knight in a tournament. She wove her dreams about him, but knew he was not for her. Girls in all classes have their quick romantic attachments, and whether they ripen or not depends on opportunity. As a rule they fizzle out.

Meanwhile Priscilla kept company with Ern Spark. He had not asked her to marry him yet, but he made it plain that he hoped to do so before long. Mrs. Spark made Priscilla welcome at Canonbury, and if it had not been for Fräulein the spring would have passed pleasantly. Her work was lighter than usual, because the Brintons had gone abroad for some time, leaving Milly and Emmy in charge of Fräulein, and the house in the joint charge of Fräulein and Mrs. Enfield. She enjoyed her Sundays and her week evenings out now that Ern either met her near the Museum or expected her at Canonbury. She was not in the least in love with him and let him know it whenever he seemed inclined for sentiment; but she liked him and was glad of his friendship. Polly Spiller made fun of his freckles, and said he was too quiet for her taste. But no man was to her taste a month together.

The two girls had met shortly be-

fore Christmas by chance. One evening, when Priscilla was having one of her lonely prowls, she came across Polly in Oxford Street, with feathers flying, high-colored, bold-eyed, showy and actually patronizing. They had strolled towards the circus together and talked of Daneswick and Tinker's Green, as if they had been friends. Polly was still in service, she said, but she was sick of it. She was house-maid now in a boarding-house, and it wasn't good enough. Too little to get and too much to do. If she had not had a great friend there she would not have stayed. But there was nothing he would not do for her.

"Oh! are there men-servants?" Priscilla had asked innocently, but Polly had tossed her head and said she didn't make friends with servants as a rule. Priscilla was different, of course. Polly hinted at a rise in life if she chose to take it, and Priscilla guessed at a marriage with possibly one of the boarding-house gentlemen. In the crowd at the circus they had parted, because Polly said she saw her friend on the other side and must hurry across to him. Priscilla watched her reach the opposite pavement in safety, but then a block in the traffic intercepted her view, and she turned homewards. After this she had met Polly again by accident, and then once or twice by appointment.

"If you didn't think her good enough at home why do you take up with her here?" asked Jane, who had seen Polly, and considered a glimpse enough.

"She knows her way about and I don't, so she's interestin'!" said Priscilla. "She tells me lots o' things."

"She's not your sort, and never will be."

In her heart Priscilla knew that Jane was right, but like all of us she had a good angel and a bad one, and when she was with Polly her bad angel fired the good one out. Polly

had an immense conceit of herself and a coarse vitality that swamped Priscilla's more delicate nature. She jarred and yet for a time she impressed. The two were never friends, and yet they met, brought together as antagonists sometimes are by the very differences that make them curious about each other. Priscilla suspected drama in Polly's life, secret, wild adventures unconfessed but not exactly hidden through shame. Polly did not seem to know what shame was. She talked to any stranger who addressed her, and one night Priscilla found herself enjoying ices at the Monaco for which two young men she had never seen before were going to pay. She supposed she was silly, but she felt uncomfortable. Yet she felt thrilled too. Certainly she had travelled far since she had left Daneswick a little country bumpkin a year and a half ago. She did her hair in the newest style now, and she wore the fur hat that Ern thought so bewitching. But Ern was not with her to-night. To oblige Mrs. Enfield she had come out on a Monday instead of a Tuesday, and had sent Ern a card to tell him she would go to Canonbury on Sunday next. Polly had lately changed her situation and taken to Mondays as a regular thing, and the two girls met for the first time since Christmas. At least they had encountered each other more than once on Sundays, but had gone separate ways, Priscilla with Ern and Polly with the man of the moment. This afternoon they started and stayed together hour after hour. At first Priscilla thought it a pleasant change. Ern hated shop windows and Polly liked them. Ern wanted to rush straight on and Polly loved to loiter, to watch the crowd, to comment on passers-by, to crack a joke with anyone ready for a joke, above all, to be admired. She was so good-tempered that even if you disapproved you put

up with her, and that day Priscilla thrust her qualms behind her. It could not matter for once, and Fräulein had been very sour and trying lately, and Ern was good but dull, and Jane was always on the strict side. Besides, spring was in the air. The early evening lights were radiant: even in London you could see clouds lit by the setting sun and racing across a clear, greenish sky; the flower-sellers had brought out great baskets of violets and early daffodils; the traffic seemed to enjoy its own ordered bustle, the shop windows had cleared away the rubbish of winter sales and were dressed for spring.

London was big and brilliant and delightful, even when you were poor and could only walk through it. Besides, if you are young and pretty you can't tell yet what ship may be coming your way from those future seas on which the fates of the young are sailing. On the big island in Piccadilly Circus where the flower-sellers gather, Polly got into conversation with two young men, one of whom politely saved her skirt from the wheel of a threatening bus. Priscilla did not hear what was said because she was looking for a chance to cross and took it by herself, but soon after Polly crossed accompanied by the two men and introduced one of them as Mr. Smith. Priscilla was not quite such a simpleton as Polly took her to be. She knew well enough that the two young men were strangers, and that the one assigned to her had probably invented his name on the island. She knew that when she was asked to have ices and then to come for a turn in a taxi before having supper at Romano's, she ought to have been firm and refused. She did look at Polly and say something about another engagement and not wanting any supper, thank you. But Polly beat down her objections with her loud laugh and slangy chaff. The two

taxis summoned by the young men drew up at the curb, the temptation to enter it was great, and before Priscilla had made up her mind not to go, she was helped in by Mr. Smith and half-way down Regent Street. Whether it was wicked or not she did enjoy that hour. The shops and streets and vehicles were all lighted now, and in a windy sky the new moon glittered, sharply outlined. Priscilla had an eye for the magic of the quiet evening above the bustle and the twinkling, moving lights of the city.

"How anyone ever has the nerve to do it," she exclaimed, as their chauffeur, who could not have been out of school long, steered them through the streams of Oxford Circus. The idea took her back by one of the bypaths of thought to her father's donkey cart and the lanes around Tinker's Green. You avoided the main roads there because the donkey shied at cars. If you met a car in a lane you jumped out, held the donkey's head and talked of the adventure when you got home.

She laughed as she thought of it, and she wished she could go home and see the old people.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Thoughts."

"You look very pretty when you laugh."

"Think so! Good old Oxford Street! Now we're gettin' along. Where've you told him to go?"

"I told him to go down Holborn and back by the Strand. We're to meet the others at Romano's at nine for supper. Ever been there?"

"I! Not likely."

"I should have thought it was very likely."

Priscilla shook her head.

"I don't know that I'm coming now."

"I'm sure you are," said Mr. Smith, and as he did not much mind whether anyone saw him or not, he kissed her.

"I'll get out now," said Priscilla, rubbing her cheek in an annoyed way with her handkerchief. She half rose to attract the attention of the chauffeur, but Mr. Smith prevented that by putting his arm round her.

"I'll promise to behave like a lamb if you stay," he said, and his tone made Priscilla laugh again, while she disengaged herself.

"You evidently don't know much about lambs," she said.

"I couldn't face the others by myself. What would your friend think?"

"Polly Spiller! Let her think!"

"Is that her name? Are you old friends?"

"We're not friends at all. We lived next door in the country, and we go out together sometimes now we're both here."

"Are you living in the same house?"

"No. Polly's in Gardenia Street and I'm in Museum Square."

Priscilla by this answer gave herself away. Like all servants she looked down on her own social status and never confessed to it amongst strangers if she could help it; but Mr. Smith knew that a respectable-looking girl living in Museum Square must be in service there, and that Gardenia Street was one of boarding-houses and lodging-houses.

"I hope you'll come out with me sometimes now we've got to know each other," he said.

"Not me."

"I say. Why not?"

"Oh, a lark's a lark, but enough is as good as a feast," said Priscilla.

"I call that unkind," said Mr. Smith, looking at Priscilla with such ardent admiration that she began to laugh again. He was an easy-going, good-looking boy, not evil and not Mr. Smith. Instead of spinning through the London streets in a taxi with Priscilla he ought by rights to have been poring over law-books in his rooms at

Gray's Inn. But, like Priscilla, he was having a lark and enjoying it. His behavior is indefensible and so is hers. The knowledge that they were highly to blame supplied the thrill to an adventure that otherwise might have been rather flat.

"If I was by myself in this I should be using language," said Mr. Smith, lighting a cigarette when they had spent five passive minutes at the corner of York Road. Priscilla was smoking a cigarette too, for the first time, and finding it most unpleasant.

"Let's get out and walk," said Priscilla.

"Right you are," said Mr. Smith.

Priscilla at that moment thought the open air would do her good, and getting out gave her a chance of losing the remains of her cigarette. They crossed to the north side of the Strand and just outside Romano's met Mr. Smith's friend and Polly Spiller.

Priscilla had never been inside a big London restaurant and at first she felt shy and inclined to whisper. The splendor of the fittings, the size, the lights, the crowd and the polite waiters all made an impression. She thought Polly's manner rather bad and noisy and would not have imitated it even for the sake of showing that she was at ease. Polly did not like the table her Mr. Smith chose and insisted on another in the full glare of the central light. Then she snatched the menu from her host's hands and said she knew what she wanted better than he did, and that when she went out to supper she always began with oysters and washed them down with fizz.

"Do you like oysters?" said Priscilla's friend to her.

"Never tasted them," said Priscilla.

"We had some at Christmas, but——"

Some people who had just come in took the table next to theirs. They were all men, and one of them was Mr. Digby. He was standing up and

being helped out of his coat when his eyes met Priscilla's, but at first he did not recognize her. She had taken off her coat too and wore a white net blouse she had bought at a sale with Mr. Brinton's Christmas box. She wore her fur hat, and the fur tie she had bought out of her January wages. She could see her own flushed face and shining eyes in an opposite glass, and she could not understand why Mr. Digby did not know her, for she had looked just the same on Christmas Day when she had run upstairs to get tidy for tea. She looked at him again, and now he did know her, for he smiled at her and nodded. Priscilla waited breathlessly. Would he get up? Would he speak? He was almost near enough to speak.

"Shall we start with oysters?" said Mr. Smith.

"All the same to me," said Priscilla.

She looked at Mr. Digby again, but he took no further notice of her. He was studying the bill of fare and talking to his friends. She did not exist for him, and yet for three months she had lived on the crowded memories of a single day spent in his company. To see him again was such a fearful joy that she could hardly attend to anything or anyone else. His presence was rapture even if he did not speak to her, and she wanted nothing more. She could watch his ways, hear his voice, try to imagine what he was saying, envy those on whom he smiled and discover what he liked for dinner.

"You are in a blue study," said Mr. Smith.

"Did you speak?" said Priscilla, coming to herself with a start and discovering that she was expected to eat six oysters and that her glass was being filled with champagne.

"I asked you if you liked champagne," said Mr. Smith.

Priscilla had never tasted it except

on Christmas Day, when Mr. Digby had given her a little because she was so tired. She lifted her glass to her lips now and looked at him across it. As she did so he looked at her again, but he did not smile this time. She could not discover his thought, from his face, but she saw him look at her companions, at Polly, who had tossed off her first glass of champagne and was ready for more, and at the two men at the table, obviously of a better class than the girls and obviously paying for the supper.

"What's the time?" said Priscilla suddenly.

"Time!" exclaimed Mr. Smith, as if he had never heard of such a thing.

"I got to be home by ten."

"In Museum Square?"

"Yes."

"Oh, nonsense; you can't. It's half-past nine now, and we haven't begun supper."

"I've had oysters and champagne and a ride. Now I got to go home."

Priscilla pushed back her chair and stood up.

"What's the matter with you?" said Polly.

"I got to go home."

"Oh, rubbish! Go home to-morrow mornin' like me. Soon enough too."

"Rather," said the other Mr. Smith, an older and a more furtive-looking man than the boy who was seeing life with him.

"I'm going now," said Priscilla. "Good-night."

She did not dare to look at Mr. Digby, and yet she had an impression that he was observing her.

"Well I'm d—d," said Mr. Smith sullenly. He did not accompany her to the door, and she made her way through the crowded room alone, meeting many glances and feeling the biggest little fool alive. But as she passed out of the door Mr. Digby, who

guessed pretty well what had happened, passed out just behind her and spoke:

"I'll see you to your bus," he said.

"Oh!" gasped Priscilla. "But you were at supper."

"I shall get back to it," he said.

They waited beside each other without speaking again. When they had to cross he helped her. When they got to Wellington Street her bus was

just about to start, and he stopped it for her.

"I've never been about like this before," she blurted out suddenly—"not with strangers and drinkin' champagne."

"That's all right," he said. "Who was the girl?"

Priscilla told him.

"I'd stick to Jane if I were you," he said, as he helped her in.

(To be continued.)

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Writing is endless and multiform, and we are aided little by discussions as to what is best and worst, what highest and lowest, what ephemeral and what immortal. Such considerations too often begin as quibbles and end as squabbles. But it matters all the same whether the writings of a man are useful or not, whether they contribute to the greater or the lesser needs of mind or imagination or soul, or all three if all three are one, which is probable, even though none can vouch for it. When, therefore, I say that in the present age (when everybody writes or would like to write) that writing has a fuller chance of being useful and even valuable which runs the risk of being sacrificed to action, it must not be concluded that I am attempting to belittle literary achievement. Literature needs no defence; it carries its own commendation to be appreciated by those concerned in the fullness of time. Criticism neither speeds nor retards its acceptance. But in the present age, when, as I say, there is superfluity of writing both actual and potential, it is virtuous of a writer who has written well to refrain from writing, or to limit his writing, that he may do

more disinterested work in another sphere of activity. Such virtue is the reward of Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright and wit, who now gives to humanity much of what he previously gave to art. Neither is his literary work stifled by the sacrifice; what little he now writes is broader and deeper, and the larger creativeness of his earlier years invites renewed acquaintance far more than if he had been a writer who writes and writes and does nothing between whiles. The utility of literature depends finally upon the quality of the thing said rather than upon the manner of saying it. Those who are in peril of coming to love literature better than they love life must learn that lesson. It is the doer, not the thinker or even the dreamer, who has the best things to say, could he but say them. Unfortunately it is only in rare instances that he can do other than say them by the proxy of a skilled writer, for whom doing is inconsistent with being. But it is the rare exceptions, wherein ideas and art unite with dynamic personality, that our bewildered and apathetic age is most in need. We return to the work of such writers with ever-new curiosity and hope at

times when the need of action exceeds that of dreaming, for where there is no action vision perishes.

I.

Readers of Israel Zangwill's earliest books might have been forgiven if they had prophesied for him a dazzling career as a literary entertainer. It is not easy to find in English literature such abundant wit and humor, such unabashed delight in mental quips and cranks, puns and tricks of thought and phrase, as you find in "The Premier and the Painter," "The Bachelors' Club" and "The Old Maids' Club." These books gush with that intellectual cleverness which came to be known as "brilliant." Whistler invented it; Oscar Wilde translated it into literature; Bernard Shaw still wields it as a sword, and Gilbert Chesterton as a prestidigitator of Notre Dame. With Zangwill it was different. He seemed, in these early books, to be doing nothing more serious than having a good time. But the critic with half an eye might have detected a higher seriousness behind the exuberant merriment of "The Premier and the Painter," written in collaboration with Mr. Louis Cowen, but bearing what we now recognize as the Zangwill touch on every page. Here is no mere Merrie Andrew, but one who comes in cap and bells because he likes the tinkle of the jester's head-gear and is not blind to its value as a means of attraction. There is nothing original or unusual in such a method. It was old when Shakespeare adopted it, although in his day authors had not discovered the art of playing Touchstone in person on the platform and in the Press.

With the exception of a few early adventures Zangwill's wit is as purposeful as Shaw's. He baits his earnestness with merriment hoping to make you laugh, or rather, smile and grow wise. And if he himself is under

no illusion as to the limitations of fun—"To start anything exclusively funny," he says, "is a serious mistake"—there are times when the readiness of his wit overbalances his sense of proportion. His cleverness verges on the prodigious and the prodigality of his wit is always astounding and often disturbing. He has put enough of it in "The Premier and the Painter" to make three reputations, but too much to make one. The mind can stand an orgy of anything but wit. Wit must be the salt, not the dish: Zangwill has made it the feast. In several of his earlier books and in the more recent volume of shrewd and wise essays and comments, "Without Prejudice," you never feel safe for a moment, the most innocent of sentences may end in an explosion. The experience is like being perpetually awakened out of pleasant dreams by warning detonators. Perhaps that was Zangwill's intention, but I suspect he was just enjoying himself. At the same time he does not attempt to sustain the interest of his finest books by facile brilliance, he can be as proportionate and as reticent as Meredith, and his comic study (comic in the Meredithian sense) of a Hebrew beggar in "The King of Schnorrers," is a masterpiece of comedy approaching humor, but too subtle to be labelled humorous, although you have to go back to such great humorous conceptions as Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Wilkins Micawber to find the equal of that luxuriously named mendicant, Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa. But, after all, he only came to the great public in cap and bells, Israel Zangwill's natural seriousness found earlier expression in several short studies, perfect of their kind, which were afterwards collected in a volume called "Ghetto Tragedies," and are now included in "They that Walk in Darkness." These first appeared in

an obscure Jewish "Annual," and were hopelessly veiled from the ken of all but a few readers of his own race.

II.

There is something fitting in this first flight of a Hebrew genius in his own world bearing inspired records of the tragic life of his people, for the outer happiness of the Jews is often the cloak of sorrow; their jests are masks. By writing in English Israel Zangwill has not only revealed the tragedy and the comedy of Jewry to the English speaking members of this race, he has also revealed it to a nation which still took its knowledge of the Jew from the *naïveté* of Shakespeare's Shylock and the stale buffoonery of the comic papers. Rarely has destined task fallen upon better shoulders. Zangwill is adapted by birth, experience, gifts and temperament to communicate between ineradicable Israel and absorbing England. He was born in London fifty years ago of parents to whom England spelt sanctuary. His father, Moses Zangwill, burdened with dreams and race-consciousness, escaped from a Russian military prison, where he had lain under sentence of death for refusing, whilst in the army, to eat food which had not been consecrated according to Jewish rite. He arrived in London about the year 1850, and married a woman of his own race, who although born in Poland was of remote Spanish descent. There were five children, three boys and two girls, all of whom possessed more than the average mental gifts, and both of Israel's brothers, Mark and Louis, have artistic claims to recognition, the latter especially who, under the pseudonym "Z.Z.," has written "A Drama in Dutch" and other novels. Israel Zangwill was educated, for the most part, at the famous Jewish Free School in Whitechapel, where in the race for honors he left all be-

hind him, winning the principal scholarship three years in succession, graduating at London University with triple honors. After leaving school he became a teacher, but with the full intention of getting into journalism as soon as possible. This occurred sooner even than he expected, for friction arising over a point of school discipline, Zangwill resigned; but not before he had proved his efficiency as a teacher by seeing every one of the sixty boys in his class pass in every subject at the annual examination.

Thus equipped with ability and a mind of his own, Israel Zangwill came to art. He did not come, however, as a business man marketing a gift. He had something to say and he desired to say it in the most effective manner; so he became a writer, recording at first the tragedy and achievement of the Jewish people and, later, interpreting the spirit of the age apropos of Hebrew and Christian morals and mysticism. Bare historic or philosophic statement could not have achieved his aim; indeed, that aim has been to give artistic form to the existing records of historian and philosopher plus the results of his own observation of ideas and happenings; where the former worked to impress the mind by intellectual processes, Zangwill sought to move the imagination by artistic processes. He goes so far as to distinguish, in a double sense, artistic from scientific truth. "Artistic truth is for me," he writes, "literally the highest truth: art may seize the essence of persons and movements no less truly, and certainly far more vitally, than a scientific generalization unifies a class of phenomena. Time and space are only the conditions through which spiritual facts struggle." The spiritual facts of Jewish history and of modern Jewish life have received their highest and most convincing expression in English, in such

books as "Children of the Ghetto," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," and "They That Walk in Darkness." From the point of view of art his great achievement is the re-statement of the seemingly eternal tragedy of Israel in the light of modern experience and modern culture. And he has done this with fitting seriousness and a most gracious and refreshing sense of humor.

It is impossible to read this remarkable cycle of Jewish studies without being moved by the mastery of the Jews over life—yes, and death. Shakespeare, who had probably never seen a Jew, makes Shylock the mere symbol of an exacting business man who is permitted to claim relationship with the rest of humanity on the grounds of senses which are possessed in common. But there is nothing in Shylock's claims to human kinship which might not with equal logic have made him kin with cat or dog—nothing, save the claim that if a Jew is tickled he will laugh. It is clear that Shakespeare did not visualize the Jew as fully human. When he made Falstaff plead, "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew," he associated himself with the popular conception of the Jew as rogue and outlaw. Dickens probably held a similar view when he created Fagin, but he sought to make amends in a later book by fashioning a Jew as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly evil. Zangwill, on the other hand, having had the most intimate experience of Jews, and possessing both a sense of humor and a sense of fact, gives us a more convincing idea of his compatriots than we have yet had or are likely to have. But he does not give us only realistic portraiture, after the manner of the newer novelists of his early days; nor does he strive particularly to see the good and bad, and to apportion praise and blame, after the manner of pre-Mere-

dithian novelists. He knows the Jew to be human, not only because he hath "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," but because he is capable of the same virtues and vices, the same splendors and the same littlenesses as other human beings; that he is in short compact of good and bad like the rest of us. But he does not commit the opposite folly of concluding therefore that the Jew is not different. That would have left us where Shakespeare and Dickens stood. He knows the Jew is different and that this difference is surmounted only by a genius for adaptability.

These differences are revealed in his Jewish studies, which have always astonished Gentiles by their fairness in recognizing the evil as well as the good among Jews. But that is no more an example of fairness than similar qualities in English or Scotch novelists. It is simply the faculties of observation and visualization crystallized in art. Israel Zangwill sees the Jew steadily and sees him whole. Any equally capable artist might have done the same; any equally capable artist in letters might have wrung our hearts with the pathos, or moved our souls with the tragedy of Jewry; just as any equally capable writer might have raised our eyebrows or our laughter by records of Jewish cunning or humor. Zangwill has done all of these things and more. He has realized the irony of the age-long drama of Israel in a world to which she has given inventors and scientists, philosophers and artists, poets and prophets and Gods, but without, as a race, providing herself with a place to lay her head. He draws the modern Jew in all his squalor, whether of poverty, in Whitechapel, or of luxury, in Park Lane (both squalors having sprung from like causes), on a background of race-splendor. He communicates to us his vivid consciousness of the tragedy of

this dream-fed race which has poured into the world treasures of the spirit and the imagination, whilst forging the metal of its permanence in bondage, migration and oppression.

III.

The literary portrayal of an absorbing race-passion was not enough for Israel Zangwill, so he turned from the luxury of composition and personal expression to the exacting work of the practical reformer, with its unsparing demands upon time and energy, its disturbing differences of opinions, and its hungry cry for diplomatic and administrative genius. The constant migration of Jews from European countries to America and other lands and the growing tendency towards restrictions against alien immigration, have given a new and urgent meaning to the problem of Jewish emigration. Attempts to settle the problem are being made by three different organizations. The first, known as the Zionist Movement, seeks to re-establish the Hebrew race in Palestine—the ancient and original land of Judæa—and still the Promised Land. The second is the Jewish Colonization Association, to which the late Baron Hirsch bequeathed a vast fortune; and the third is the Jewish Territorial Organization, whose President is Israel Zangwill. The first of these associations does not look for immediate achievement. It is idealist; and the reclamation of Palestine is not yet within the bounds of contemporary diplomacy. But the objects of the other two are severely practical; the former by giving grants-in-aid and other personal help to intending Jewish colonists, and the establishment of Jewish colonial reservations in countries such as Argentine and other accessible realms. There are differences of opinion as to the value of this work, the chief of which is based in the argument that colonization without

territorial autonomy does not provide sufficient safeguards for the permanent protection of the settlers. Zangwill and the Jewish Territorial Organization (called the "ITO" for short) hold to the view that there is no final hope for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the lands in which they at present live, except in the establishment of an autonomous territory, in which they may live as free citizens responsible only to their own laws and customs, and working out their own political and social redemption.

"The territory," says Israel Zangwill, "chosen for the concentration of our emigration must be of such a nature that, provided the masses emigrate to it, nothing but their own fault shall prevent its growing up into a Jewish homeland. Dirt has been defined as only matter in the wrong place. That which in the house is mud, is, in the field outside, beautiful soil. If the Jew has been treated as dirt, it is because he has drifted into somebody else's house instead of remaining soil for his own fruits. Since the days of Pharaoh—as we have seen—the Jewish problem has come from the multiplication of the Jew in the wrong place. Let this multiplication but take place on the right soil and under the right conditions, and instead of creating a Jewish problem it creates a Jewish country. 'Lest they multiply!' That is the dread, not only of Pharaoh, but of our Jews themselves, in London, in New York, in Paris, in Berlin, and 'Scatter the Jews' has long been their one scheme of salvation. While the followers of other faiths say that their *faith* must be spread abroad, the Jews say that not their faith but *they* must be spread abroad. This is an idea so opposed to the common sense of mankind, which knows that union is strength, and that safety lies in numbers, that it is the best evidence of the mental malady

that results from having no roots in a soil of your own. In ITOland we shall not say 'Let them multiply!' but 'Let them multiply!'"

But in spite of the munificent material expressions of race-consciousness on the part of many wealthy Jews, and the enthusiastic support of those who are not wealthy, there is much apathy among all classes, and the President of the ITO has had to thunder against the indifference of those members of his race who have been strong enough or lucky enough to save themselves.

"Do you not remember," he said, at the close of his Presidential Address at the Manchester ITO Conference in 1907, "how in this country only a few years back, men, young, noble, rich, were throwing away their lives for England, how the stateliest homes were like those Egyptian houses ~~over which the destroying Angel had passed~~, leaving no house without its dead? But where is the Jew, young, noble, rich, who will throw away his life for his people? In the Japanese war the highest ladies of Japan spent their days, shut up in wards and roughly-clad like convicts, making antiseptic bandages for the wounded. Where is the noble Jewish lady who spends her days making bandages for the wounds of her people? Hunting and horse-racing, balls and dinners and operas are legitimate enough in the piping times of peace; but when we are on a war footing, when the agony of our people cries to us from the shambles of Russia to the *Mellahs* of Morocco, and from the *Hara* of Tunis to the ruined villages of Roumania, then I say that if our upper classes do not pause in their pleasuring and make a supreme effort of salvation, the blood of their brothers will cry out against them from the ground. And not only against them, but against every Jew, however lowly, who has done less than his utmost.

Judea expects every man to do his duty."

At the same time a vast amount of work has been done by the ITO. Commissions have been established for territorial investigation, and elaborate reports of the findings of these Commissions in reference to Cyrenaica and Angola have been issued. But whilst every chance is taken for the promotion of the ultimate aim of an autonomous Jewish Homeland, the immediate needs of emigrating Jews are not overlooked and much valuable work is done for the convenience, comfort and safety of the eternal army of wandering Jews, most of whom look to America as the land of Deliverance.

Zangwill has interpreted this passion for American freedom in "The Melting Pot." That play, with its prophetic ardor and its abounding human love, has moved the heart of Jew and Gentile on both sides of the Atlantic. Critics have argued whether it is a good play or a bad play from the point of view of dramatic art—but such considerations in the light of the uplifting tragedy of a race could only occur to whippersnapper minds. "The Melting Pot" succeeds by power of impression and not by approximation to canons of art. It is not a problem play even, it is a message-play, a modern gospel of race-fusion. Not since Walt Whitman wrote "Leaves of Grass" have we had so inspiring a picture of America—"God's Crucible, the Great Melting-Pot, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming!" Out of this crucible wherein the warring nations are purged of their feuds and hatreds and vendettas, will arise the real American—"the fusion of all races, perhaps the coming superman."

IV.

It is characteristic of the eternal paradox of the human mind that one of the most distinguished and race-

conscious members of the most indestructible of races should be the advocate of race-fusion. Yet it is not so strange as it may seem at first. The Jews are a race and not a nation, and fusion is the destiny of all races. That is how races die to live. The Jews have always survived by their genius for fusion. There is as much difference between a French Jew and an English Jew as there is between a Frenchman and an Englishman, yet the Jew is no less a Jew for all that. Wise nations do not destroy race characteristics, they use them. The Jew is generally a good patriot if patriotism be permitted him. In England his patriotism is so enthusiastic that it runs to Jingoism, and for the same reason that David Quixano's American patriotism in "The Melting Pot" ran to prophetic idealism. The support of the Jew may therefore be depended upon in all efforts towards practical internationalism. America is not the only melting-pot. The world is a melting-pot to-day, and the Hebrew no less than any other race, is in the crucible—but as a leavening medium. From causes such as these Israel Zangwill, son of a Russian Jew, has become an English Jew, not only interpreting his race to the English, but to the Jews; mastering English life and literature, and taking his place in English letters and controversy, whilst retaining his racial characteristics, and developing in himself and others a new chivalry of the Brotherhood of Man. His novels, "The Master" and "The Mantle of Elijah," are English works holding their own in the great tradition of the English novel; as his practical sympathy with the demand for Women's Enfranchisement is in the tradition of English political evolution; whilst his plays "The War God," "The Next Religion," and "The Melting Pot," and his latest prose work "Italian Fantasies," reveal

the universalism of the prophet of world-peace, which long since ought to have won for him the Nobel Prize.

Books live not because of any knowledge they contain, for knowledge soon becomes outmoded; neither do they live by reason of exquisite finish of workmanship, for art dies when the thing it meant is no longer a human need. Longevity is no test of art; a work of art should fill its time whether that time be a moment, an hour, a year, a century, or any number of centuries. But a book has a greater chance of life if it is a work of art revealing some unfathomable source of human ecstasy or power. Race has nothing to do with this, neither has nationality, nor religion. The thing that makes a work of art live is the same as that which determines the life of a race, or a nation, or a religion. It is spiritual power. Applying this test to the works of Israel Zangwill, and after making every allowance for what may be called the temporal delight one may glean from any or all of them, the laurels might be awarded to the following in the order named: "They That Walk in Darkness," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," "Children of the Ghetto," and "Italian Fantasies." Here are books drawn from the spiritual deeps; they reveal the soul of a people and the soul of a man. More, they add something tragic, something humorous, something carefully observed, and something honestly thought, to a literature already rich in these things, but not so rich as to be weary of receiving fresh treasures. There is equal art and fine intent in his other books, and they are as alive to-day as when they were first published, but the best things in them are better in the books named, and what remains remains for our day, and not for the far-away day when people will yet stay the tear over the "Diary of a

Meshumad," "Satan Mekatrig," and "Incurable," and stop to marvel over "Joseph the Dreamer," "The People's Saviour," "From a Mattress Grave," and "The Joyous Comrade," and to laugh over Manasseh da Costa and his subject, Yankele.

There is a prefatory sonnet to "Dreamers of the Ghetto," in which Zangwill describes how he saw two Jews in a dream:

"One old, stern eyed, deep browed, yet
garlanded
With living light of love around his
head,
The other young, with sweet seraphic
glance."

They were Moses and Jesus, and they stood askance from one another, regarding the "Town's satanic dance," when:

"Sudden from Church out rolled an
organ hymn,
From synagogue a loudly chaunted air,
Each with its Prophet's high acclaim
instinct.
Then for the first time met their eyes,
swift-linked
In one strange, silent, piteous gaze, and
dim
With bitter tears of agonized despair."

Israel Zangwill, realizing the pathos of godliness, realizes also the camaraderie of all religions and the fra-

The Bookman.

ternity of Judaism and Christianity. I have placed "Italian Fantasies" among his greater books because, in a welter of scholarship, observation, criticism, wit and wisdom, he reveals the processes of the mind which imagined, with so much Christian love, those Ghetto tragedies which express the fulness of his genius. This book, masquerading as a travel-book, is really a confessional, an autobiography, the record of a soul's adventures among master-ideas. Many years hence it will be read as we read Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne. To-day it is a commentary on contemporary life; modern, yet ripe; conservative among the verities, yet abundant in provocation; generous to the past, yet lavishly seductive of the future. And over-glamouring every page there is an irony which answers many a crude hope by tickling the reader into charity with all men. These Italian fantasies are Israel Zangwill's apologia conceived, not in the spirit of contrition, but in the spirit of interpretation; he has used Italy as a lay-figure, and made her the symbol of the world's glory and folly—but, as in all his works, it is the glory that survives in promise of performance.

Holbrook Jackson.

THE FUTURE OF THE POLES.

Three years ago public opinion in this country was deeply concerned in the fate of a Polish lady, Miss Malecka. In her long imprisonment, her secret trial, and her condemnation for a crime of opinion, we saw dramatized before us the common fate of the most generous and public-spirited of her countrymen, though, in point of fact, her status as a British protégée secured for her privileges which no native Pole would have enjoyed.

Now the Russian proclamation of autonomy, though it seems merely to follow a similar manœuvre by Germany and Austria, reveals the tragedy of the Poles in a new aspect. It has consisted not of one wrong, but of three. Their native elective kingdom was destroyed; their racial unity was broken; they were subjected by Russia and Prussia, whose intervention determined the failure of the national movement, though not by Austria, to a

foreign rule which made war on their high and distinguished culture, and treated them as a helot class. If the purposes of Russia are realized, one of these three evils may end. For good or evil, the Poles will henceforth be subject to the same general control. The partition stands in history as one of the greatest of European crimes, and there is much in the idea of its undoing that appeals to the imagination. One may doubt whether the Poles would now desire, if it were possible, the restoration of an independent kingdom. Russian Poland has become at once the Lancashire and the Black Country of the Tsar's Empire, and its economic prosperity is based on the tariff which gives to its products an advantage in Russian markets over those of Western looms and forges. Nor can we doubt that if the Poles had to choose between unity under the Kaiser and unity under the Tsar, they would prefer the latter alternative. They have experienced forcible Germanization and forcible Russification, and survived them both. But the German mill grinds smaller. It may be less brutal, more legal in its forms, and less savage to individuals, but it is also more competent and more formidable. The German looks down on the Pole as a member of an inferior race, but even the rudest Cossack is influenced by the traditional memory of the centuries when his savage ancestors rode out in wonder and greed, to sack the wealth of Polish castles and cities. Divided by religion and history from the Orthodox Slav world, the Poles are still Slavs enough to prefer the Russian connection to the German.

Our doubts about the policy of unification, if it is really in contemplation, begin when we are told that Russia means the annexation of Danzig and Königsberg. The old Hansa town and the university which gave Kant to the world are among the most ven-

erable seats of German culture. If such a line were to be drawn by Russia, it would make in the East a problem which would repeat all the consequences of France's lost provinces in the West. When we turn to Austrian Poland, the doubt rather deepens. The Austrian Poles have no grievances of language, religion, or self-government. They have their own provincial Diet, with full Home Rule. In the Austrian Reichsrath they have a powerful national party, which is almost invariably found in the Ministerial coalition. Their nobility has its place in the ruling caste, and has given to Austria more than one Premier and countless Ministers and Ambassadors. Their proletariat would exchange manhood suffrage for a jerrymandered franchise, and would have to learn that its powerful and enlightened Socialist party had become by the transference "illegal" and powerless. Unity would mean for the Austrian Poles an almost uncompensated loss.

But the war, it will be said, must change more than the frontiers of the East. Has not the Grand Duke Nicholas promised already to the Poles freedom of language and religion, and something like "autonomy"? Such promises are a recurring feature of any national crisis in Russia. They have their interest as a criticism by the bureaucracy on its own past. It is possible that a forthcoming proclamation will promise the Jews equal citizenship. There will be more of these promises before the war is done. A German success in the Baltic might conceivably restore the constitution of Finland, and an Austrian invasion might possibly procure a pledge that the "October" reforms will at last be carried out. One "takes note," as diplomatists say, of such promises, and it will be the special duty of this country and France to see to it that they bear fruit when the war is safely

over. As yet we are not sure what they mean. The Orthodox tradition has its own way of interpreting religious freedom, and freedom of language may mean only that a Pole may at last ask for a stamp or a railway ticket in his own tongue; but we doubt if it means that Polish will be henceforth the language of the schools, the courts, and the Universities. "Autonomy" is an even vaguer term. It may mean in this instance only the grant of *Zemstvos* or County Councils to Poland. That is something, but it is certainly not the millennium which would induce us to throw up our hats for the re-union of Poland under the Tsars. Russian Poland has her desolating history of vanished "autonomy." The Tsar Alexander I. gave her real Home Rule. From 1815 to 1830 she had her own Constitution, her own Parliament, and even her own army, captained by the very men who had led her legions under Napoleon against Russia. It ended abruptly in 1831, partly by the folly of the Poles themselves, but chiefly because (as in the later instance of Finland) a free people within autocratic Russia made a too stimulating spectacle for the Tsar's own "true Russians."

From that year downwards, the history of Poland has been the record of alien rule by foreign officials, of the persecution of her church and of the suppression of her language, in addition to all the mischiefs of an arbitrary police from which native Russians suffer. The rising of 1863 taught the Poles that half-armed men, however brave, cannot cope with discipline and numbers. It taught them also that the nascent Russian Liberalism of that day, busied with the emancipation of the serfs and beginning to agitate for representative government, could be turned to barren reaction by the sight of a subject race which dared to raise its head. It showed them whither the

new Prussian hegemony was tending. The Tsar's promise is interesting, chiefly because it shows that he appreciates the moral factor in war. He wishes at least to appear before the world as a liberator. It would have impressed us more had it been issued at the hour of victory. It will carry conviction only when it is redeemed.

The programme of this war has already broadened into cataclysmic change. We went into the war in step with the French, and they want nothing more than Alsace-Lorraine. But the Russians have already sketched a Great Poland and a Great Servia. If the Italians and the Roumanians must also be paid for their neutrality with the Trentino and Transylvania, it is obvious that Austria will have sunk from the rank of a Great Power to the magnitude of one of the larger Balkan States. The "Balance" of Europe would in that case be gone, and a lower civilization threatens in some regions of the East to replace a more advanced culture; and, finally, it is hard to see what reality of independence would remain to the Austrian-Germans, the Magyars, and the Roumanians, hemmed in between an aggrandized Russia and the Southern Slavs. If a real Concert is to emerge from this war, there must be a minimum of territorial change, and the German Powers must be neither isolated nor dismembered. It is too soon to speak of precautions and settlement. But the general feeling of the nation is, we think, clear. Our part in the peace must and will be a truly liberal and assuaging part. Great Britain will not pass from a war of defence in the West to a war of conquest in the East. A campaign which may with good fortune be ended in a few weeks must not be extended into months or years. We should make such a change for no gain at all to ourselves, and for no gain to human

freedom. Our share in the war essentially and vitally ends with the liberation of French and Belgian soil,

The Nation.

and the final repulse and discredit of the military castes which ordained those operations.

CHANG: HIS BELL.

This is the story of Chang, his bell; and of John Fitchett, Lieutenant; and of Janet Grey, now Mrs. Fitchett.

About 2000 years ago, Chang made the bell. He recorded this fact, ideographically, together with the date and dynasty, on the bell: and added a neat couplet, informing posterity that "Though one man may make me tremble and speak, forty shall not move me,"—or words to that effect. And this was approximately true, as will be seen.

From the year of the bell's birth to 1900 A.D. is a hiatus, pregnant (if a hiatus can be so) with potentialities for the writer of Fiction, to whom I shall generously make a present of them all. In 1900 the owner of Chang's bell was in a pretty stew. The Foreign Devils were undoubtedly setting towards Peking where the bell dwelt, and it was necessary to hide it. With immense labor it was got from the Temple of Heaven to a much humbler residence—to wit, a sort of out-house known in the East (no one knows why) as a "Godown." This was used for storing felt, and in the felt Chang's bell was buried up to its neck, and so left. It was considered safe enough there; for what Foreign Devils would want felt for loot? In this conclusion, however, the owner of Chang's bell made grievous error.

We will leave the bell here and go back ten years or so to the lowest form-room of one of our public schools, where we find Master John Fitchett and a friend cooking in a tin lid the ill-plucked carcass of a sparrow over the gas, and later, eating it with im-

mense gusto. At that age John looked as callow and as embryonic and as unpromising as the stupidest boy in the lowest form of a great school can look. There was, however, about him even then a benign expression of imperturbable good-humor which he still wears, and which fools sometimes take for foolishness.

Five years later John had lost his callowness, and was called by every one "Old John," or "Old Fitchett," an adjective never yet put to a proper name that has not inspired others with respect or affection. He had taken five years to grow on his public, and when he left school he left a blank not easily filled, as his house-master and several others who had had to do with him soon realized.

A crammer with infinite difficulty pushed him into the Service: and when I think how often crammers have helped to officer our regiments with just such good stuff as John is, I bless and do not curse them.

Janet Grey and John had come to an "understanding" at the respective ages of twelve and fifteen. Five years later this arrangement still stood, and as John was about to start for the East, and neither of them had a farthing, they decided it was time to place things on a definite footing, and so became engaged. They made up their minds to a nine-year wait, unless, as Miss Janet remarked, her Uncle George would die, or do something. John reproved her for ghouliness; and there was a slight coldness, not improved by Janet a little later alluding to John as "Godlike" to his face.

And she made things no better by explaining that she meant one of the heathen kind, spelt with a small "G." This tiny rift was soon mended, and never reopened; in due course he sailed for India. Here he was not received with acclamations by his regiment. It took him two or three years to grow on his brother officers, and to make them realize that a man not particularly good at anything apparently, may yet be uncommonly good for a great many things. There was some talk at first about clearing him out into some other regiment (what should we do without these bins or receptacles for our out-castings?), but that soon died. He was described in his confidential reports as "painstaking and hard-working."

Certain regiments possess a box marked "Mobilization." It is locked, and contains many dull and secret matters enabling a regiment to go, at the shortest notice, on active service, and one of the secrets is the name of the officer who does not accompany the regiment into the field, but who is left behind to command the *dépôt*. Theoretically, the selection for this uncoveted office confers no discredit on the nominee, for it requires a good officer to run a *dépôt* well. But here theory scarcely jumps with practice.

In 1900 came rumors of trouble in China, then definite announcements; then more rumors as to the strength of the force going, and more definite announcements. Lastly, a very great many more rumors as to what regiments were going. Nearly every regiment had it on the best authority that it was one to go. John's corps said and believed as all the rest did, only a little more so. But the contents of the box remained secret, and there was no Fatima to open it.

John said little at any time; on occasions like the present he said nothing. But the fear of his name be-

ing chosen for the *dépôt* knocked at his heart with fingers of deadliest ice. He took this so heavily that he went off his sleep, and looked like making certain of being left behind by going sick. The orders for mobilization came soon after, and hot on their heels and just in time to be left at the *dépôt* arrived Bunbury-Brown from England, whence, after abundant cabling, he had rushed out at his own expense in order to rejoin. John's nightmare rolled away amid this less fortunate brother officer's curses. These were the heavier, as had he not been in such a hurry to throw up his leave, he would in due course have been ordered out and his journey done at his country's expense. As it was, not a penny!

The allied forces had reached and occupied Peking. Abroad was the spirit of grab. Good regiments made it regimental grab; a very few bad ones made an individual business of it. Their officers buried loot in their tents and sat on it, glaring suspiciously at brother officers doing the same thing. That was only just at first. Then began the regular official auctions, where those who had ready money bought those beautiful silks and embroideries so much in evidence at home after the war.

With all this we have nothing to do, and are only concerned in telling the process by which John and his bell came together. He had in some way become connected with the Mounted Infantry, and his horses having lost condition, he went out one day in search of anything that would serve to stuff saddles. He came to a Godown, whose broken door showed that he was not the first searcher there. Looking in he saw just what he wanted—felts in any quantity, and, on closer inspection, felts of such closeness and thick-

ness that they were almost as good as numnah.

John began to load felts on to the light cart that the fatigue party had brought with them. A few minutes' work and he had all that he wanted; but he bethought him that his friends, the 40th Light Cavalry, might also be wanting to stuff their saddles. So he continued loading, and—came on a hard yellow thing. Further removal showed this to be a huge brass ring, and a little later the bell itself—Chang's bell—was gradually exposed to view.

"It looks a beastly heavy old brass thing," thought John, "but it will make a fine trophy for the Mess. I'll take it along." This was easily said, but the party of ten with him could not even move it. Thirty more men were sent for, and then with the utmost efforts they got the bell out of the Godown and on to a light country cart. Through this it immediately sank, and with a dull clang sat on the road. A more sensible man than John would have left it there. Instead, a much stronger cart was obtained and the bell eventually removed to the Mess. John's ideas came a little slow, but he seldom altered his mind.

A thrifty Mess secretary was busy with some hundreds of pounds' worth of Mess stores which he was laying in against the winter. He regarded the bell very coldly.

"I've brought a bell for the Mess, Jenkins," said John.

"I see it," said Jenkins.

"It will make rather a fine trophy, I think," said John.

"Fine and large, and rather too large at that," replied Jenkins.

"Well," said John, "where'll I off-load it, Jenkins?"

"Oh, anywhere out of the way. I'm busy,—suit yourself."

That night the Mess, with all its thrifty laid-in stores, was utterly

burnt down. Not a thing remained—except the bell. That took a lot of salving. It fell on one of its rescuers and crushed him badly.

In due course the regiment got its homeward route. There was some slight attempt to leave the bell, but John, mildly persistent, overcame opposition, and it sailed for India with its possessors. Not without mischief, however. While being slung on board the transport it got out of control and crashed into a horse-box, killing a pony. Every one was pretty weary of it before it was finally installed in the verandah of the Indian Mess-house.

It rose into a little, very temporary, favor during house warmings, because strangers stopped and admired its bulk, and never failed to say, "But how *did* you get it here?" Little they realized how white and elephantine a thing it really was.

Just as the regiment was settled in, and just as everything had been unpacked and laid down and hung up and spread out, the Mess was again completely burnt down. A thatched roof accelerated matters, and in that fire all that was of real or of sentimental value was utterly consumed, and there was much of both. The bell being of no value of any kind whatever, was somehow the one thing saved. In return it crushed a sepoy's foot so completely that he had to be invalided out of the Service, without even the slender gratuity granted to a man receiving injury on a military duty.

It is not to be wondered at that when the first tears had been shed and grief gave place to resentment, a very hostile attitude came to be adopted towards the bell. Without being superstitious, still it seemed odd that the Mess should have been twice burnt down since its arrival. Every one was sick of it. Mr. Chang's handiwork meanwhile lolled blatantly on its vast

side, hard by the blackened ruins of the Mess-house. If it had possessed a tongue (Chang's larger line in bells seems to have been rung only from the outside), it looked as if the bell would have hammered tokens of triumph at being the most hateful thing in the Mess, and the only one saved from the fire.

John was told to take the bell away; that the Mess completely and utterly disowned it, and could no longer stand the sight of it. Its presence in the bare, unhomely, plateless, furniture-less building then being used as a Mess-house was quite unthinkable.

It was while he was wandering one morning round his bell, and wondering what to do with it, that he noticed—it was lying on its side—right up in the apex of the interior, something that no one without a good share of mother-wit would have looked at twice had he seen it at all. The bell from exposure, lack of cleaning, and scorching, had now assumed a dull, slightly gangrenous complexion. It was a flaw in this that attracted John's attention. Some one recently, probably during the previous night, had gouged out a neat little shaving, an inch in length, and showing bright clean metal underneath. That was all. But it led to a train of thought which John began to follow up that very night. He was not at Mess that night, nor the next, nor the next. He was watching the bell, and to sit through long nights on the strength of a surmise built on a little deduction requires determination.

On the third night, shortly after midnight, without preliminary sound of footsteps, a gentle, rasping sound became audible to the watcher. It came from the bell, and John let it go on for just half an hour by the watch, after which he switched on his electrical bull's-eye, and after a slight pause walked up to the bell. His first care

was to examine the wood ashes which had been laid down around it. By these he saw that only one person had come and gone. The bell itself showed at first inspection nothing, but the light presently scintillated on some bright metal dust lying on a cloth, seemingly placed to catch it. Immediately above this, on the rim of the bell, the light now showed two clean, very fine fret-saw cuts.

John's long vigil had not been in vain.

Things now looked important enough for a little assistance, and during the rest of the night John, his orderly, and a servant, armed, kept watch by turn; and the dogs, which had been hitherto carefully kept away, shared the vigil.

Next morning a fatigue-party took the bell to John's bungalow, but he said nothing to anybody (who happened to see them) about the saw-cuts.

The same day he sent a small registered parcel to the Mint. On receipt of a reply a week later, he walked to the local Bank and had a talk with the Manager, and showed him the answer received that day. The Manager went back with him and viewed the bell, and the same night appeared an ancient worker in metals. To him John confided the fact that he believed the bell to be possessed, and that he wanted a good wedge of it to send to the Government exorcist to make certain. The wedge was duly cut, sent away, and in another week John was informed that his bell contained 30 per cent of gold, 15 per cent of copper, and that the rest was an alloy which would count for something but not much. Further, that the Bank—the wedge had been sent to its headquarters—was prepared to give full weight value for the bell, less 5 per cent on delivery.

John lost no time. It was on the cards that the man who had first sam-

pled the metal, and then came again for more, might perhaps have another try for so big a prize. So every reasonable precaution was taken. The ancient metal worker was again summoned, and told that the bell had in very fact been found to be possessed, and that no less a fate awaited it than burial far out at sea. That it was to be speedily cut into chunks suitable to purposes of transit, and that the work was to be done after dark. The old man undertook to do this in six days. The result of each night's work was removed to the Bank, taken over, weighed, and a receipt given. On the seventh day Chang's bell was no more; and on the eleventh John received a cheque for between £14,000 and £15,000. It was made out in rupees, and amounted to Rs. 217,500 of them. This sounds ever so much better than its equivalent in pounds.

This is not a love tale, or I might have said something more of Miss Janet Grey, and something less of the bell. It must be taken for granted, therefore, that she had always been very much in John's life, and that she now shared his thoughts pretty equally with the bell—and not unnaturally, for when the bell went into the melting-pot the last of the obstacles to a speedy marriage went with it. No one in the regiment knew of the engagement. For one so young as John such a thing was quite beyond the limits of decency or common-sense. When, however, he handled the cheque, but not before, he wrote to Janet and told her that they need wait no longer. That letter was joyfully posted at 4 P.M. on mail day: the mail left at 5 P.M. Five minutes before that hour the sun still shone and all was well.

Then Conscience asked a simple question—Was John doing quite the straight thing? "Certainly," replied John. "I gave the bell to the Mess: the Mess gave it back to me." "Under

a misapprehension," murmured Conscience.

A less honest heart might have parleyed longer. Not so John. In a moment he was on his bicycle pedalling for dear life. The letter-box at the Mess, when he got there, he found cleared. He dashed off to the Post Office, not far distant, and as he neared it saw the orderly diving for letters into his bag and beginning to drop them into the box. John's mad bellows caused the man to look up and pause. Next moment John had flung himself off his bicycle, seized the pile of letters still unposted, and amongst them found his own.

It was a quarterly Mess meeting. There was the usual circle of officers, some bored, some not; the usual reading of minutes, the usual rather bored inspection of accounts, and the usual growl that since no one drank anything these days the Mess balance credit was in a bad way and only slightly ameliorated by the cigarette revenue. The usual discussions were started and suggestions made, speedily smothered by the usual side-issues and irrelevancies. And the Colonel was about to apply the guillotine with the usual formula of, "Well, I think we've talked enough for one day, haven't we?" when John said, "There is just one thing more—about that bell." Several of the audience yawned, one of them groaned slightly. The Colonel said icily that they had all understood that the last had been heard of the bell.

"In a way you have heard the last of it, sir," said John, "and in a way . . ."

"So far as I recollect," said the Colonel, appealing to the rest, "the Mess washed its hands of the bell and gave it back to you!"

"Yes," said every one.

"And I think, then," continued the

Colonel, "that there can be nothing more to be said," and every one hastily rose.

"Yes, but there is something more to be said," said John. "The bell had gold in it."

"Ah! yes, yes," said the Colonel, veering towards the door. "They all do—like the Burmese Budhas and their rubies. A myth, my dear Fitchett, a pure myth; I do assure you. Send a bit to the assayer and see whether I'm right or not."

"I've done that, sir," said John, following him and flourishing the cheque, "and you are wrong to the tune of more than two lacs. Here's the cheque for the money. I gave the bell to the Mess, and of course it always remained Mess property."

The cheque was accepted with the utmost bonhomie and good feeling. A Mess can swallow words that perhaps an individual can not: and in a moment it had forgiven all the bad things the bell had done, and forgotten all the abuse that had been heaped on it, and was altogether most magnanimous and nice about it,—besides being quite, quite grateful to John.

The Mess meeting was prolonged another hour or so, while John told with some prolixity the truth, but not the whole truth, about the bell. No one knowing anything about Janet Grey, and John not telling them about her or the Post-Office incident, of course they really missed the whole point and gist of the matter. But this no one realized. There was the cheque, and what more could any one want?

John being that sort of man, said the story in just that sort of way as to make each hearer think that personally, had it been he and not John who wandered around the bell that morning, the gouging would have been noticed, and the same line of action taken all through, just as had been done by John.

Blackwood's Magazine.

So the meeting broke up, and John went his way, not in very great spirits, but thankful that he had managed things so that he had come out of them without any credit or applause or embarrassing gratitude. But he smiled wanly when he thought of the Colonel and his determination to get right up to his neck in it, in his refusal of the bell.

A committee sat, and had no difficulty in calling it the "Bell Fund" (mark you, not the "Fitchett Fund"), but it found a great deal of difficulty in protecting the fund from a possible raid on it by Government. Legal assistance was invoked, and the fund made into a trust, and of course no Government can lay hands on a trust. Also various *chevaux-de-frise* and hedges and ditches were thrown up around the fund in the most legal and incomprehensible language possible. Even in the event of a possible disbandment an æon or so hence (an unthinkable possibility to the regiment, but the law has to think in æons), the fund was rendered immune from any murrain or blight that Government might cast on it. And if you want to know of the many useful, ornamental, and charitable objects to which the bell fund is parent, you must ask the regiment itself.

A few years ago, Miss Janet Grey and her god—of the small "G" (or heathen) variety—completed their nine-year wait and were duly married. Uncle George was most disappointing throughout. His wedding present consisted in hearty congratulations on their prudence in not hurrying things: and he said he would send them something soon, but never did. Whether Mrs. Fitchett approves of John's conduct with regard to the bell, I leave you to judge: she is much too cryptic for me. What she always says is—

"It was just like that old dear to go and give that cheque to the Mess."

X.

GENERAL JOFFRE.

For nearly a century France has had a rule that all generals shall retire at 65—an age-limit which, its critics have pointed out, would have relegated Moltke to the retired list one year before Sadowa. This rule has recently been responsible for a series of rapid changes in the chief command of the French army. Brugère was in office for a reasonable period, but De la Croix and Trémeau had just had time to settle down to their work when the pitiless rule caught them. Dearly as the French love equality, they were startled by this, and re-cast their war office system in such a way that the office of Chief of the Staff and Commander-Designate came into the hands of a general who had time before him in which to carry out a steady, consistent and progressive scheme, untroubled by the necessity for confronting the imminent successor with a *fait accompli*.

The supreme commander of the French army and navy is the President, who exercises that command, as far as the army is concerned, through the Minister of War, under whom is a Chief of the General Staff. In peace General Joffre was no more Commander-in-Chief than the Chief of the Great General Staff is War Lord in Germany. This made it possible to pass over the generals who were nearing the age limit in favor of a younger man. But whereas Moltke in 1870 was—and his nephew to-day is—no more than an authorized adviser to the War Lord, Joffre is Commander-in-Chief of all forces within the zone of operations allotted, and the War Minister himself is said to have remarked that if he drove his motor-car into that area without Joffre's permission he would be turned out.

In the first place, then, Joffre repre-

sents the Dictator appointed and accepted by the Republic. Like Rome, the French Republic has the courage voluntarily to place its fate in the hands of a citizen. A South American Republic passively submits to a self-constituted Dictator. France has herself constituted General Joffre, a reversal of previous army policy that amounted to a distinct act *ad hoc*.

In old Rome, where everyone knew everyone else, the chosen Dictator was a well-known person. Modern France, however, decided to place herself in the hands not of Joffre as Joffrè, but of a carefully selected officer within certain limits of age and experience. Joffre, till he was named eventual Dictator, was no better known to his public than other men of his standing, and, indeed, less well known than several of the retired generals, for in the generation that entered the army about 1860-1865, and attained the age limit between 1905 and 1910, were several men of quite exceptional brilliance, such as Négrier, Langlois, Bonnal, De la Croix, not to mention generals like Gallieni and Archinard, who became famous in the colonies.

Perhaps the first thing which made France realize that she had found her dictator was the dismissal of certain generals which followed last year's manœuvres. In easy-going times, when a general makes mistakes at manœuvres, it is usual for the criticizing authority to say: "I may be wrong, but personally I think it would have been better to do so-and-so," and to make a mental note not to re-employ the said general after his time was up. Joffre, however, called for their resignations almost on the spot. Amongst them were one or two who were men of great energy and devotion to duty. For them it was a hard blow. But

Joffre had been put in office to make the French army as perfect as possible, and in this, as in other things, no consideration could make him swerve from the line of duty. He remembered, doubtless, that the German victories of 1866 and 1870 were the logical consequence of their peace manœuvres. He regarded manœuvres as the rehearsal of the real thing, and the members of his company who did not know their parts he cast out. There has been none of the comfortable feeling that "it will be all right on the night" in the French army since Joffre took control of it.

This may seem to be less than fair to his predecessors, who were strong, hard-working men of the highest ability, and, in fact, created the army which Joffre has simply tuned up. It is hard enough for them that the opportunity of handling that army has come after their time. Moore made the army that Wellington was to lead, Carnot the troops of Napoleon, McClellan the army with which Grant crushed the Confederacy—so Fate ordains, and will ordain till the end of time. So far as outsiders know, Joffre played no particular part in the intellectual renaissance of the French army that came about in the twenty years after 1888. If he did so, it was as a disciple only. Many of the leaders of that revival have passed away, but one at least, Foch, is actually his subordinate in the field.

It is primarily as a man of character and action, fortified by thorough education and practice in the new doctrines of war that the intellectual leaders have worked out, that Joffre now stands at the head of the French army. As a boy, fearing to become immersed in the technical detail of the military engineering work in which he was beginning to distinguish himself, he fled to the colonies to seek contact with the realities of human warfare,

as Chanzy and Faidherbe had done before him. But the man of action, who was nothing more than a man of action, would have been eliminated before rising to a divisional command in the days when the judges of a general's qualifications included Langlois and De la Croix.

In an army which has studied its profession under the shadow of a terrible examination at short notice, the fact that Joffre is where he is guarantees that in point of technical skill the leading will be of the first class. And the fact that certain generals are *not* where they were is evidence that he possesses the character that alone can give effect to technical skill.

If at this moment, before the individual quality of his leadership has been stamped upon a great battle—before he has, so to speak, painted his picture and signed it—one were inclined to look for resemblances between Joffre and some great general of history, one would probably choose Grant as the nearest equivalent, except that in technical skill Grant was incomparably above his education, while it is almost impossible for the French general to improve very much upon the French doctrine. It is in type more than in circumstances that the two men seem to resemble one another—both quiet, ruminating, perhaps a little slow, certainly never "run away with" by their ideas, absolutely clear as to what duty is and what it is not, powerful "prime movers" and resolute fighters.

Both, too, are—permit the word—domesticated citizens, and this has its importance in the case of Joffre. For no man whose *civisme* was not above reproach would have been or could have been entrusted with dictatorial powers by a republic to which three distinct parties of Monarchists lay claim. There is a wonderful letter in

existence written by Lincoln to one of his army commanders who had been telling the world that the "country needed a dictator." "Only those commanders who gain military successes," wrote the great President, "can set up as dictators. Give me successes, and I will risk the dictatorship." The French Republic says much the same to-day. But it does so in confidence. The measure of its trust in its general was the Three Years' Law.

The New Weekly.

DIES IRAE.

To the German Kaiser.

Amazing Monarch! who at various times,
 Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,
 Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
 By your behavior;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much
 Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumor,
 Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
 Of saving humor.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,
 Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,
 Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere
 With rude concussions;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
 Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
 And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
 Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
 Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it—
 You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
 The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end;
 Into our open hearts you found admission,
 Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend
 Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes;
 You moved among us cousinly entreated,
 Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
 A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand
 Known for a King whose word is no great matter,

A traitor proved, for every honest hand
To strike and shatter.

This was the "Day" foretold by yours and you
In whispers here, and there with beery clamors—
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,
Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn
Yourself be broken.

Owen Seaman.

Punch.

PIUS X.

With the death of Pius X., a memorable rather than a great pontificate comes to an end. His election was due to one of those chances of politics which, though they play a greater part in human things than we suppose, are superficial, and affect the fortunes of individuals rather than the course of affairs. The forces which made him what he was were at work under his predecessor, and are inherent in the Roman Church. The events of his pontificate were the breach with France, and the condemnation of Modernism. Both were inevitable. Pius X. was the instrument rather than the author of the policy associated with his name.

Leo XIII. spared no means to ensure the permanence of his French policy. It had been the corner-stone of his long pontificate. A diplomatist by temper and training, he knew what the French alliance had been to the Church in the past; an acute observer of a world whose underlying drift and meaning escaped him, he did not fall into the common error of underestimating its present value. Nothing, he emphatically assured the ambassador of the Republic, should induce him to break with France: he looked for-

ward to the one man of ability in the Sacred College, the philo-French Cardinal Rampolla, as his successor; and bestowed the purple of set purpose on nonentities on whose votes, he believed, he could rely. He underrated, as the event showed, the influence of the Triple Alliance; and, more important still, he forgot that machinery, to be effective, presupposes intelligence behind it: remove this, and a touch sets the whole out of gear. The Austrian Veto, inspired for different reasons by Germany and Italy, defeated the prearranged combination. An undignified scuttles followed, out of which the Patriarch of Venice, the least political of the opposition candidates, came out Pope.

His personality was more sympathetic than that of his predecessor. He was less self-centred; he was single-minded; he cared little for material things. But he was without his great gifts. He came to Rome a stranger, ignorant both of the complicated politico-ecclesiastical system which he was to administer, and of the larger world outside. He would have made an excellent parish priest or missionary bishop; for the office to which a caprice of fortune had called him he

was singularly unfit. At Rome his peasant birth and his Venetian origin were against him; he distrusted the Roman Cardinals—not, perhaps, without reason; and they for the most part looked down on him. Their relations with the Vatican were formal: the Pope's inner circle was composed of Venetians and Spaniards, as ignorant as himself of the traditions and temper of Rome. At the same time nothing could be further from the truth than the notion that he was a puppet in the hands of others. He had the peasant's shrewdness; the peasant's tenacity; and not a little of the peasant's craft. No one was less disposed to play the part of the pious simpleton. He made use of instruments—and not always of worthy instruments; but his measures were his own.

To Leo XIII., a Roman of the Romans, Rome meant more than the Church; to Pius X., a pietist, the Church meant more than Rome. The former concentrated on the Temporal Power; the latter on religion, which, however, he conceived, from the Latin standpoint, not as a spiritual experience, but as a polity, a society rigidly organized into a hierarchical whole. He was essentially a man of authority; to him the whole modern movement was simply one of revolt. The opportunism of his predecessor was repugnant to him. Leo XIII. had kept his finger on the pulse of Europe, pressing here, relaxing there, according to its beating. To Pius X. this seemed weakness, and even want of faith. The Church had a definite message; and must deliver it, whether men would bear or whether they would forbear. Where he knew the facts he judged, as a rule, rightly. He miscalculated Italian political parties, but he accepted Italy; the Temporal Power, he saw, was gone beyond recall. At Venice his relations with the Government and the King had been friendly;

and, in spite of the opposition of the Curia, they continued friendly at Rome. His reform of the Canon Law, though its centralizing tendencies are open to criticism, simplified procedure; his modification of the incidence of festivals and of the obligation of fasting communion was a concession to the requirements of the time. He leaned to over-regulation, attempting with indifferent success the reform of women's dress and of Church music; his admission of children of seven to communion met with opposition even from the much-enduring French bishops; he overlooked the subjective side of human action, and exaggerated the efficiency of law. But it is as a politician—and, though he disclaimed the rôle, a Pope is necessarily a politician—that he will be remembered; though his policy was official rather than personal, and the spirit which it embodied that of the Church rather than his own.

It may be doubted whether the Catholics who attempt to meet modern life and thought half-way realize all that their concessions involve. It is natural that such concessions should be popular: the Church is too large and too mixed a body to stand wholly outside the time-movement; and in practice a *modus vivendi* is generally attainable. In the eyes of Catholics, as a not too discreet apologist has lately reminded us, heresy is a capital offence. But we regard this belief as a personal eccentricity, amiable or the reverse, rather than as a danger to the community. The Church has been deprived of the power, if not of the will, to inflict the death penalty, and the re-enactment of the statute *De heretico comburendo* is so remote from practical politics that the most timorous Protestant sleeps undisturbed by dreams of the Smithfield fires.

It is possible that Catholics will judge Pius X. more severely than

Protestants. It is easier for the latter than for the former to see that the position is of no one man's making; that the conflict is one of irreconcilable ideas. Leo XIII. succeeded in postponing it; but Leo XIII. was an exceptional—a very exceptional—man. And postponement is not escape. His pontificate was of the nature of an interlude. When it closed, the permanent forces at work in the Church resumed their normal action; their outcome was Pius X. To recognize this is to refrain from heated comment; the law of gravitation calls neither for praise nor blame. His contribution to the net result was temperamental, and affected manner rather than matter; it is for the biographer, not the historian, to deal with it in detail.

With the personal side of the late pontificate, the official Roman world is, and has been from the first, out of

The Nation.

sympathy. It has no leanings either to the Republic or to Modernism. But it would have made for its ends by indirect methods; it would not have carried things with a high hand. It is probable that the next Pope will be a politician, not a pietist; and in this case, had the policy of Pius X. been that of an individual, a new direction might have been given to the Church. But the Papacy is more than the Popes; they come and go, it remains. And its influence on its occupants has a continuity and a spirit unique in history. If, with the medieval mystic, we conceive a parallelism to the evangelical mysteries carried out in the lower world, may we not hear the veiled Genius of that institution address this assurance in turn to each Pontiff in the long succession: "It is not ye that speak," and "He that heareth you heareth me"?

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

It is not so long since at least one newspaper poster might have been seen by any pedestrian in the Strand openly describing Lord Roberts as a superannuated dreamer "in his dotage," simply because his was the only authoritative voice that called for national efficiency. And to-day, probably, if any news-seller or other person ventured out in a London street with a poster of this description there would speedily be a case for hospital treatment; for the emergency derided by peace-at-any-price fanatics has come about, and the men of the nation now realize the need for national service.

There were those—plenty of them—who told us that a great European war was no longer possible, that the German preparations either were much exaggerated or were purely defensive. One voice crying in the wilderness—

that of the hero of Kandahar—warned England of a possible danger, when the sword should decide the fates of the nations; but there was none to heed. To-day the recruits come in by hundreds to the various centres, for there is no lack of patriotism among the manhood of the nation when the hour comes; but had Lord Roberts been listened to when he set out on his self-imposed and noble task of awakening the country to the necessity for adequate military preparations there would have been not merely hundreds of recruits, but thousands of trained men ready to supplement the Army as it exists to-day. In this struggle of the nations it is not the recruits who will count; the men who will decide on which side victory is to rest are the trained troops of Europe and of this country. The call voiced by Lord Roberts, and

practically by him alone, has been fully vindicated; England wants trained men as he foretold she would want them.

This is no time for recriminations or party cries; it is not, as certain misguided enthusiasts seem to think, a time in which to tell of the blessings of peace, for there are yet those among our enemies who count on the possibility of England's disunity, and trust that the party which makes for peace at any price may yet hinder in some measure our action in the defence of right. To "stop the war," as is still cried in some quarters, is no longer a human possibility, and out of the futility of such a cry arises the necessity for unity and concerted action as Lord Roberts has advocated for years. The cause of peace will best be served by presenting an entirely united front, by the silence of dissentients from the policy adopted.

If Lord Roberts had been heeded—it is easy to voice "ifs" now, but the vision conjured up by such a possibility is a tempting one—there might have been in this country not merely thousands but millions of young and able men who were fully trained soldiers instead of the thousands who, in their untrained state, are of very little use for military service for the next six months. The recruit goes to his depot, where, after he has learned to obey unquestioningly, he is taught the uses of the rifle and bayonet, or sword, as the case may be. If he is a cavalryman he has also to be taught to ride and to care for his horse. Altogether, many lessons go to the making of the soldier as he appears in the field, and to curtail these lessons in any degree affects the mobility, shooting power, and general strength of the fighting unit.

Few people realized, as did our great Field-Marshal, how modern industrial conditions made military training more than ever a necessity.

Man judges always by his own immediate surroundings, and the thinking men of the country lead a clean, healthy, athletic form of life; they are fit and able at most kinds of sports, and thus in case of emergency would, from their knowledge of horsemanship and athletic exercises, need comparatively little training to make them efficient in the field. The hunter and the sportsman have an immense advantage over the urban dweller, for the former are more adaptable, more likely to understand "taking cover," the principles of mutual support, and the things that go to the making of an efficient force, while the sportsmen understand the use of arms before they come to handle the Service rifle.

But the population from among whom the bulk of the fighting material has to be drawn is mainly urban; nineteen-twentieths of the recruits who come to the colors now have never been nearer a horse than dodging one in the street, and ninety-nine out of every hundred have never fired a rifle, while the principles of cohesion and interdependence are as sealed books to them. They have to be taught from the beginning the things which the country-ranging sportsman absorbs without learning; they come to the colors as children come to school—this literally, for military instructors have daily to impress on classes of full-grown men in uniform that "the top of the map is the north," and to instruct them, as one instructs children, in the business of reading a map and understanding it in relation to the ground it represents.

Thus the value of recruits coming in now may be easily estimated. Placed out on active service, they would be useless in themselves and a source of positive danger to seasoned men. Training is necessary before they can take the field. And now, when every available man is needed, possibly for

instant service, comes the task of training these men. Three months hence the recruits of to-day may make reasonably efficient infantry at a pinch; six months hence some of them may make efficient cavalry, while, as for gunners, they will need a yet longer time before they attain to full fitness. We state without hesitation that the men of the National Reserve are of more value to the country than the recruits who come in now, for in their ranks are men who have seen and known active service, while all are capable of obeying orders intelligently and using a rifle as a soldier should.

That the urban dwellers should be trained; that, in addition to such
The Academy.

bodies as the National Reserve and the Territorial Force, there should be available for instant service such men as are coming in to-day, to that end was Lord Roberts' appeal made—vainly! He was derided as a scare-monger, as an old man who had lost sense of all things but militarism and militaristic schemes. It is not too much to hope that now, when the absolute sanity of his plans and the value of his foresight have been proved, he may be given a high place in the councils of the nation. The course of events has justified his policy, and now, as twice before in his eventful life, it is due that this country should accord a great man honorable recognition.

THE ENGLISH POINT OF VIEW.

"A time comes when every man is ashamed of not having been a soldier."

I had last time¹ the task set me of setting forth the German point of view; this week the more grateful one falls to me of expressing the British. The basis of German aggressiveness and Caesarism has been dinned into our ears, but its fallaciousness is not the less fundamental for its superficial plausibility. It has been said that a dream of universal dominion was pardonable in a man so young as Alexander the Great, but that Cæsar and Napoleon both had sufficient experience of the world to have known better. The Kaiser is older than either, while the world has been steadily growing less and less amenable to such a monstrous pretension.

Before realizing the superior claims of a common humanity—the more diverse the better—and the danger of a single custom, however good, corrupting the world, we have all cherished

the dream of a peaceful hegemony for a particular chosen race, but it has been left to Germany alone, among modern nations, to attempt to inflict such an hegemony on the world, using war as a normal instrument in utter disregard of the claims of humanity. The dictates of all that is best in us cannot indefinitely be set at naught. The Germans are as much convinced of this as anybody else, when once they have torn the scales from their eyes. We must remember that, before and at the time of the Reformation, they were in the van of civilization. But the successes of 1866 and 1870 enabled a small gang of physical force fanatics, with a helmet and crossed swords for a crest, to monopolize control; and their idea of a German hegemony, imposed upon the world by sheer weight of metal, was disseminated throughout the land by an army of historians and professors, who inculcated the superiority of the Germans and the inferiority of all other

¹ The Living Age, Sept. 12, 1914.

racess. A radical assumption was that the characters of European nations were in a state of flux, and that the Germans were rising to become overmen, while other peoples were descending to become undermen—calculations stiffened by a racial *Hubris* until they became as blind as they were ferocious.

The misinterpretation of Great Britain in this respect has been a cardinal error. The Germans have remained idealists, though from the genesis of pure idea they have come temporarily to worship the genesis of power. The English character, too, has remained fundamentally unchanged, retaining the old family characteristics of a long-homogenous people. Our people may acquire new temporary accents—what we call modern tone; but in times of crisis it returns, like a countryman's speech, to the original spit of its character: a huge tenacity mingled with an incorrigible optimism, slow and reluctant to enter a conflict, utterly forgetful of all else when it has once taken hold. Napoleon, a hundred years ago, was quick to recognize this deep root of stability, this infinitude of semi-stolid resourcefulness and affluence.

Germany, with its raiders and wreckers, playing moralist in its judgment of England, is surely a fearful, ironical spectacle. Englishmen, as Mr. Shaw admits, are the kindest people in the world. They like to hold two opinions at one time, and to hear all sides. Unsuspicious and hating to assume the worst of anyone, Englishmen have hesitated to nationalize their security-insurance by getting measured for a complete suit of body armor, and have cherished some incommensurable illusions. They could not bring themselves entirely to refuse a hearing to those who maintained that in its strenuous endeavors to seize the trident Germany only meant to amuse itself by splashing and "burning the

water." We have certainly been warned over and over again, and George Meredith's last complaint was our eternal dulness to all such warnings. But nevertheless we have maintained our fleet, and, in despite of every clamor, have kept our powder dry. Our Army, too, since 1902, has been converted into a highly-elaborated and scientifically led mechanism, as a model and nucleus, whether of offence or defence. The time has now come to resolve in our hearts, once for all, to nationalize this mechanism, and to allot to every man from twenty to fifty his appropriate station in it. It is the only way—the one way the surest and the best to keep war at arm's length.

We have tolerated long enough the illusion of peace coming to a contented people merely because we wanted it intensely. Such a doctrine is futile unless it is universal, and its failure in the case of Free Trade becoming universal should have warned us against it. We have never, it seems, taken these things seriously enough. In 1793 we began ill, continued against overwhelming odds, never dreamt of giving in, and went on until we were in a position to act as chief moderator in a peace which lasted nearly forty years. In the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, in the face of forces the most intimidating, we held on grimly by sheer force of character. We were well satisfied to go on, and to take punishment until we got our great blow in at the last, in accordance with the whole spirit of our history. Never have we fought so united, with such a fine nucleus of skill, and so much assimilable material; never have we fought in so pure a cause as the present moment. The cause is simply—our birthright. We have no thought of possible ulterior gain whatsoever—only, together with the French, who are unanimously of our opinion, to make an end of this

nightmare of brute force once and for all.

One can easily brood too much over such responsibilities. Thinking overmuch is apt to paralyze the right arm; the pale cast of thought is capable of palsying certain energies of resistance. One can be too finely trained. The excessive training of a nation for war, like that of a prize-fighter for a battle, may sacrifice vitality to specialization. These are both faults which Germany has committed. Deluded entirely by the false deductions made from our contest in South Africa, she imagined that the sinews of England had been fatally relaxed since 1902. She imagined that we were irremediably divided, not only in Ireland, but also at home, and that the perverse efforts of pacifists and militants were alike sapping the inmost fount of our energy!

As a consequence, she has indubitably, it is now apparent, intruded into a nest of hornets. Virtually ignoring Belgium, she counted on Italy rallying to Bellona arming, and on our shirking

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the issue until it was too late to be merely perilous. Happily, England, at one with her past and her present, accepted the challenge as one man, with a solemnity the unanimity of which has seldom if ever been matched. Party divisions sank as if by magic. The ranks closed. The decks were cleared for action. The coolest heads assumed their station on the bridge. At home and abroad we have all to discover the bravest and canniest ways of helping. This tyranny must and shall be overpast; we have sworn it in our hearts, and read it in those of our French and Belgian allies. We are inevitably to encounter deceptions, postponements and privations, but we shall not, and dare not, desist until we have beaten the mailed colossus into a state of immobility. It is not an age of Thirty Years' Wars. But until this result is achieved, and it is time to call the witnesses into the ring, we are bound to persist by all that we hold most dear.

Thomas Seccombe.

THE REVELATIONS OF THE BLUE BOOK.

When Sir Edward Grey made his statement in the House he said that the diplomatic correspondence to be published would prove that the Government had worked most earnestly for peace. The Blue Book does prove it—proves it so fully that we confess to a doubt whether Sir Edward Grey was not inclined to go on "officially believing in peace" long after it had become patent that Germany was intent on war. But on that point we shall say nothing more. If days that might have been usefully spent in naval and military mobilization were spent in unavailing diplomacy, we at least have the satisfaction of knowing that Germany was given one chance after an-

other—chances to seven times seven—of revoking her terrible policy. We go into this war with an absolutely clear conscience. The "War Lord" decreed war for Europe, and it is as necessary for the honesty, cleanness, and quiet of Europe that he should be stopped and rendered harmless as it was necessary for Great Britain to save Europe from Napoleon. No fair-minded person who reads the Blue Book will be able to doubt for a moment where the guilt lies. The policy of Germany has been throughout the traditional policy of "blood and iron," the policy of diplomatic disingenuousness that formerly victimized the Danes, the Austrians, and the French. Friends of Germany

in this country who have been accustomed to allow German diplomatic language its full literal value will see now that there has been no change whatever in German methods. The method of Bismarck still goes on—except that an extraordinary clumsiness of which he would have been quite incapable has been introduced. When the German Emperor says that he has worked for peace we can only turn with a bitter smile to the accusing facts. He sent personal messages to the Tsar, doing lip-service to peace. But unfortunately he knew and approved of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia before it was sent, and when Serbia, *acting on the advice of Russia*, had almost abjectly given way on nearly every point he still did not relent from his policy. He went on to speak with a capacity for self-deception which was unrivalled—it was either that or intentional duplicity—of Russia threatening Germany! Before that, when Sir Edward Grey had begged the Powers to send representatives to arrange peace, all accepted the invitation except Germany. Yet the Emperor up to the moment when the greatest war of history began was speaking of his love of peace. We may now measure exactly the guiltiness of such diplomacy.

But there is something much more important than this to be learned from the Blue Book—more important because it teaches us about ourselves. The war has been brought about—granted always, of course, the guilty willingness of the German rulers to plunge Europe in war—because British pacifists built up in the minds of the Germans the ineradicable belief that Britain would not help her friends. This fact is written plain all over the correspondence. The German statesmen had come to the conclusion that the pacifists had so far captured the heart and conscience of the British Government that a declaration of war

by Britain was almost out of the question. They concluded that we Englishmen were amiable sentimentalists who would in all circumstances allow our love of peace to conquer our sense of obligation to our friends. What a tragic irony it is! If this pacific strain had been absent from British politics there would be no war now. Heaven forbid that we should regret the absence of bluster and brag. But we do say that if we had stated firmly and boldly to Germany from the first that we should undoubtedly stand by our friends—it was always obvious to the people of the least penetration that we must do so in the end—we should have been saved this appalling war.

Let us see the proof of this terribly ironical fact in the correspondence. On July 25th a despatch was received from the British Ambassador in St. Petersburg summarizing a conversation with the Russian Foreign Minister. The latter expressed the belief that Austrian action was really directed against Russia. He did not believe that Germany wanted war, but her attitude would be decided by that of Britain. If Britain took her stand firmly with France and Russia, there would be no war. Otherwise rivers of blood would flow, and England would after all be dragged in. The British Ambassador argued that England could mediate more effectively to begin with as an impartial friend. M. Sazonoff replied "that, unfortunately, Germany was convinced that she could count upon British neutrality." On the same day the German Foreign Secretary admitted to the British representative in Berlin that Serbia could not be expected to "swallow certain of the Austro-Hungarian demands." Austria-Hungary, he said, intended to take military action and teach Serbia a lesson. On July 26th the British Ambassador in Vienna reported the confident

belief of the German Ambassador there that Russia would keep quiet during the chastisement of Serbia, "because Russia would not be so imprudent as to take a step which would probably result in questions such as the Swedish, Polish, Ruthene, Roumanian, and Persian questions being brought into the melting-pot. France, too, was not at all in a condition for facing a war." This opinion of the German Ambassador shows plainly that his Government had reached the point of saying to themselves "Now or never!" The comparatively small Servian question was left far behind. They took a panoramic view of the condition of the world, and it was the general situation as they saw it, not the acuteness of the alleged grievances of Austria-Hungary against Serbia, which decided them to get what they could out of violence, since the risk of resistance by the Triple Entente did not seem to be very great. On July 27th the British Ambassador in Vienna reported his belief, after talking to all the Ambassadors, that the Austro-Hungarian Note to Serbia was "so drawn up as to make war inevitable." Probably Sir Maurice de Bunsen meant war with Serbia, but a general war was well known to be a strong possibility, if not a probability, in the event of an attack on Serbia, since Serbia enjoyed the protection of Russia. Germany—the instigator of Austria-Hungary—in fact cared nothing for the peace of Europe. She was willing to take all the risks of setting fire to Europe—a really horrible policy.

The attempt of Sir Edward Grey to mediate was well received everywhere except in Germany. Germany offered a kind of grudging consent, speaking more of reservations to her "consent in principle" than of her desire for peace. Her attitude was in practice obstructive. The Russian answer was very different. On July 28th the Russian

Ambassador informed the Foreign Office that, if direct explanations between St. Petersburg and Vienna were unavailing, Russia would accept the British proposal, or any other proposal of a kind that would bring about a solution. A warning had been conveyed to Austria-Hungary on the previous day by the Russian Ambassador in Vienna that if war should break out with Serbia it would be impossible to localize it, "for Russia was not prepared to give way again, as she had done on previous occasions, especially during the annexation crisis of 1909." Nevertheless Austria-Hungary declared war. And Germany was behind Austria-Hungary, sanctioning everything she did. The best that can be said for Germany and Austria-Hungary is that they did not believe in an Armageddon because they thought that Britain would leave her friends in the lurch, even as the pacifists desired, and that Russia, in spite of her warnings, was not ready for war. The Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Berlin, indeed, said to Sir Edward Goschen that "a general war was most unlikely, as Russia neither wanted nor was in a position to make war." The fact remains that Germany and Austria-Hungary pressed on, most wickedly accepting all the risks. On July 26th Russia made another move for peace. She suggested that the conflict should be settled directly between the Russian Foreign Minister and the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador at St. Petersburg. Austria-Hungary refused this proposal. Russia then expressed the view that a Conference of the less interested Powers in London would be the only means of averting an extension of the conflict. Austria-Hungary however, declined this suggestion on the plea that "events had marched too rapidly." On July 29th Sir Edward Grey spoke his mind to the German Ambassador in London. If Germany

became involved in war, and then France, said Sir Edward Grey, the issue might be so great that it would involve all European interests; and he did not wish the friendly tone of the conversation to mislead the Ambassador into thinking that England would stand aside. At last the illusion of British neutrality was being dispelled. Or rather an attempt was being made to dispel it. But the pacifists had so firmly driven it into the German mind that it could not be really dislodged. This explains the amazing belief of the German Chancellor that Britain would remain neutral on the insulting conditions which he proposed to Sir E. Goschen. The following lines are from Sir E. Goschen's despatch of July 29th:—

"He [the German Chancellor] said that should Austria be attacked by Russia, a European conflagration might, he feared, become inevitable, owing to Germany's obligations as Austria's ally, in spite of his continued efforts to maintain peace. He then proceeded to make the following strong bid for British neutrality. He said that it was clear, so far as he was able to judge the main principle which governed British policy, that Great Britain would never stand by and allow France to be crushed in any conflict there might be. That, however, was not the object at which Germany aimed. Provided that neutrality of Great Britain were certain, every assurance would be given to the British Government that the Imperial Government aimed at no territorial acquisitions at the expense of France should they be victorious in any war that might ensue. I questioned his Excellency about the French colonies, and he said that he was unable to give a similar undertaking in that respect. As regards Holland, however, his Excellency said that, so long as Germany's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give his Majesty's Government an assurance that she

would do likewise. It depended upon the action of France what operations Germany might be forced to enter upon in Belgium, but when the war was over, Belgian integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany."

On July 31st Sir Edward Grey wrote the following words—words which we are bound to say we greatly regret—to the British Ambassador in Berlin:—

"I said to German Ambassador this morning that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but otherwise I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in."

If there were nothing else in the whole Blue Book, these words would prove Sir Edward Grey's almost morbid desire for peace. Surely no one could have gone further—without exchanging all honor and self-respect for peace. Even then Germany would not hold her hand. She replied that it was impossible to consider any suggestion until an answer had been received from Russia to the German ultimatum. The answer to the German ultimatum was, of course, a foregone conclusion, as Germany very well knew. We cannot hesitate to call all this a terrible record. We do not think that Englishmen could ever again deal with the present rulers of Germany with any confidence that words were being used by them in the sense which plain-dealing, straightforward men attach to them. We trust that pacifists in particular will study this Blue Book,

and ask themselves with all candor whether negotiations are bound to lead when they are conducted on the basis that such diplomacy may be literally accepted as a striving for peace.

The Spectator.

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

I have always felt a difficulty when I have talked on literature to others when I have heard them talk or read what they have written, for they seem to me to regard literature with quite another eye than mine. They view it and they speak of it as a thing in itself, apart from life, having relations to life, but not being of it.

Now, to me literature is simply a phenomenon of life. It is one of the thousand ways in which the life that is in us expresses itself; it comes from an inward necessity in the writer, and its success or not is according to whether it meets a need of life in him who reads it. Like all the food we eat, it is product of life, and it ministers to life wholesomely or the reverse. Thus to me literature is not an entity; it cannot be considered in itself; it has no canons of its own, but submits to the same tests as the life of which it is a part. "Art for art's sake" is a phrase that to me is void of meaning. Perfection in expression is greatly to be desired and is a pure delight, but only inasmuch as it helps to the clearness of understanding of the writer's view of life. Mere beauty of phrase that expresses nothing, that contains nothing, has no more life than a soap-bubble, and ornament added to a subject confuses and distracts. Therefore, I have always taken literature as a part of life. I have not gone to it to get away from life. I find life and the living full of interest, deeper than any paper thing could be. If it be not so to many, I think the fault is not so much in life as in he who lives it. If the servant girl seeks relief from the

drab of her existence by reading of imaginary duchesses, and if the duchess seeks escape in reading of imaginary peasants, that is because each is not able to live her life. Partly she is afraid and partly the conditions of life which are framed by spiritual cowards like herself bind her in. So she escapes into a dreamland, just as an unhappy man takes too much beer, not as a pleasant and healthful stimulant to an increased life, but in order to drown life for a time, because life is unendurable.

Therefore literature has always appealed to me in so far as it has shown me more of life, furnished me with explanations of the life I live and see, shown to me sides I had not known before. I take it as part of life, making life fuller, clearer and sweeter. For this reason histories of literature have never interested me. You cannot take literature apart from life and write a history of it. The literature of to-day does not come from the literature of yesterday. That of to-day is born of life as it is to-day; it is an outcome of that life. The literature of yesterday came from the life of yesterday. That there is in literature a certain sequence and evolution is natural, because life is an evolution. The life of to-day evolved from that of yesterday. Therefore, the evolution of literature follows the evolution of life; they explain each other. Literature has no separate existence or evolution of its own. It is not a parasite on life, but an expression of life.

It is the same with the literature of nations. English writers have never, I think, learnt from French nor vice

versa; neither literature has directly influenced the other. But indirectly this is so. Nations who are neighbors profoundly affect each other's lives, and the same attitude of life that in one produced romanticism, for instance, might, when assumed by the other, do the same.

I have never been able, then, to admit that there are schools of writing—the Lake School, for instance—nor to classify writers into periods, or, in fact, in any way to take literature away from life and speak of it as separate. In the spring the fields and woods are gay with the primroses, the daffodils and cowslips; summer gives us roses, and autumn poppies; but each kind does not come at its time by imitation. Each succeeding variety is related, not to its predecessor, but to its stem, and that to the earth beneath. The daffodil has not learnt from the crocus, nor the rose from the daffodil. They are related through the dry winds of spring, the sun of summer, or the autumn rains. Spring down in France is earlier, but our flowers do not bloom because they have learnt to do so from French flowers.

Even in technique, which is but a method, not a thing, I do not think there is much real influence. There is a temporary copying by little men of great masters' surface attractions, but it amounts to nothing—no copies ever do.

Therefore in literature I have no canons at all, except that it be true to life. So, though I greatly prefer some books to others, some styles to others, a great deal that the critics call good literature I cannot stand, and some that they call bad has interest for me.

For instance, a book may be written in delicate English; it may express fine sentiments, it may be logical and correct; yet if it have no humanity I cannot read it. I mean exactly what I say; I cannot read through it, be-

cause my attention is not caught. It wanders, and I forget the book. Thus some of the best known books must remain to me for ever unread. I had as soon eat sawdust or munch soap-bubbles. On the other hand, there are books that critics despise which interest me. They may be "bad," but they are widely read, and I want to know why. There must be something in them which appeals to these many readers. What is that thing? The book may be diseased, the symptom of a disease widespread in life. I like to know what that disease may be, for disease is part of life. Therefore all the time as I read I am referring the printed matter back to life. It may not be a picture of healthy life; it may be grotesquely foolish and ignorant, but it has a relation to life, or it would not be popular. It is a symptom. What is it symptomatic of?

I take literature much as I take my dinner. The flavor of the meats, the color and bouquet of the wine, the aroma of the fruit, all please me. I distinguish between things I like and do not like. I intensely appreciate good cooking.

But, after all, I eat to live. Dinner is part of life; it helps to life, it pleases, it nourishes, it stimulates. The proof of the value of the dinner is in the extra life it gives, not in its taste.

And so with literature. All knowledge is good if it be real knowledge. And in bad books all the writer consciously says may be foolish, but unconsciously to himself he may exhibit what is worth knowing. There may be a great deal of bitter rind I have to bite off, but somewhere there is a kernel. I don't explain this attitude of mine because I think it the only right attitude or because I recommend it to others. I did not cultivate it in myself. I was born with it. Other people are, no doubt, born differently, and what is in you when you are born

you can cultivate or destroy, but you cannot alter. This attitude of mine has disadvantages I do not doubt, but it has great advantages. For if in literature is the key to much of life, the converse is also true. There is a great deal of literature you cannot understand or appreciate at all unless life has given you the key to it.

For the key to all literature that is real in any sense lies not in other literature, but in life—not merely in life past, but in life present. For in its essentials life has never altered, and

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what is once true is always true.

Thus I found in life to-day the key that opens the secrets of the best literature in the world, which until I found it had no key, and was consequently misinterpreted, made nonsense of and despised. It is the most beautiful and truest literature that we know—so true, so deep, that it is like the sea, ever the same, never the same, whose depths hold things that still we know not of. Yet it is simple as the sea.

That is the literature of legend.

H. Fielding-Hall.

"THEY ALSO SERVE."

Jeremy threw away the stump of his after-dinner cigar and began to light another one.

"Where's the economy of giving up smoking when you've got lots of cigars in the house?" he asked.

"Oh, Jeremy," said his wife, "who says you ought to?"

"The Vicar. He only smokes one non-throat cigarette a day himself. I told him he ought to give that up, but he said it was different. I say, it will want rather a large soldier for that shirt, won't it?" He sat on the arm of his wife's chair and began to play with the sleeve.

"Jeremy, can't you find something to do?"

"Yes." He went out and returned with his golf clubs, which he began to polish lovingly. "I think I shall have a round to-morrow. If Francis Drake played bowls when the Spanish Fleet was in sight, I don't see why Jeremy Smith shouldn't play golf when the German Fleet is out of sight."

"I thought you said you weren't going to till the war was over."

"I don't see why I shouldn't. Golf keeps us fit, and it is the duty of every Englishman to be fit just now."

"But you really play golf because you like it."

Jeremy looked up at her in surprise.

"Really," he said, "I don't see why I shouldn't like doing my duty."

"Oh, Jeremy!" sighed his wife. "You know I didn't mean that."

"I know exactly what you meant."

He dropped his clubs and began to pace the room. "You're filled with the idea that the only way a man can serve his country is by doing something he absolutely detests. That's why you made me a special constable." He stopped and glared at her. "A special constable! Me!"

"Darling, it was your own idea entirely."

"You said to yourself, 'There are men who would make excellent special constables—men with red faces and angry moustaches who take naturally to ordering other people about, men who instinctively push their way into the middle of a row when they see one, men with a lust for gore, great powerful men who have learnt ju-jitsu. But the fact that they'd all rather like it shows that it can't really be their duty to join; they wouldn't be making a big enough sacrifice. The men we want

are the quiet, the mild, the inoffensive, the butterflies of life, the men who would simply loathe being special constables, the men who would be entirely useless at it—and, having said this to yourself, you looked round and you saw *me*."

Mrs. Jeremy smiled and shook her head at her husband, sighed again, and returned to her work.

"And so now I'm a special constable, and I wear a belt and a truncheon, and what good do I do? Baby loves it, I admit that; Baby admires me immensely. When Nurse says, 'If you're not a good girl the special constable will be after you,' Baby shrieks with delight. But officially, in the village, I am useless . . . Oh but I forgot, I arrested a man this morning."

"Jeremy, and you never told me!" said Mrs. Jeremy excitedly.

"Well, I wasn't quite sure at the time whether I arrested him or he arrested me. But in the clearer light of evening I see that it was really I who was doing the arresting. At any rate it was I who had the belt and the note-book."

"Was it a German spy?"

"No, it was old Jack, rather drunk. I arrested him for being intoxicated on a bridge—the one over the brook, you know, by Claytons. He put his arm round my neck and we started for the Haverley police-station together. I didn't want to go to the police-station, because it's three miles off, but Jack insisted. . . . He had me tight by the neck. I couldn't even make a note."

"Wasn't he afraid of your truncheon?"

"My darling, one couldn't hit old Jack with a truncheon; he's such a jolly old boy when he's sober." Jeremy played nervously with his wife's scissors, and added, "Besides he was doing things with the truncheon himself."

"What sort of things?"

"Conducting the *Marseillaise* chiefly—we marched along in time to it." A smile spread slowly over Jeremy's face as the scene came back to him. "It must have looked splendid."

"How dared he?" said Mrs. Jeremy indignantly.

"Oh, well, if you make your husband a special constable you must expect these things. I consoled myself with the thought that I was doing my duty . . . and that there was nobody about. You see, we made a *détour* and missed Haverley, and when we were nearly home again he left me. I mean I released him. You know, I'm not what I call a *good* special constable. I did what I could, but there must be more in it than that."

Mrs. Jeremy looked up and blew a kiss to him.

"However," he went on, "I dropped in on him this evening and made him sign the pledge."

"Well, there you are; you *have* done some good."

"Yes, but I hadn't got my truncheon on then. I spoke as Jeremy Smith, Esq." He put a brassey to his shoulder and said, "Bang," and went on, "I should be no good at all at the front, and Lord Kitchener would be no good trying to paint my water-colors, but all the same I scored an inner last night. The scene at the range when it got about that the President had scored an inner was one of wild enthusiasm. When the news is flashed to Berlin it will give the German Emperor pause. Do you know that the most unpatriotic thing you can do is to make shirts for the wounded, when there are lots of poor women in the village who'd be only too glad of the job? Like little Miss Merton. And yet you think to get out of it by making your husband a special constable."

Mrs. Jeremy put down her work and

went over to her husband and knelt by his chair.

"Do you know," she said, taking his hands in hers, "that there isn't a man, woman or child in this village who is idle or neglected or forgotten? That those who wanted to enlist have been encouraged and told how to, and that those who didn't want to have been shown other ways of helping? That it's all been done without any fuss or high-falutin or busy-bodying, and chiefly because of an absurd husband of mine who never talks seriously about anything, but somehow manages to make everybody else willing and good-tempered?"

"Is that a fact?" said Jeremy, rather pleased.

"It is. And this absurd husband didn't understand how much he was helping, and he had an idea that he ought to do something thoroughly un-

Punch.

comfortable, so he ordered a truncheon and gave up golf and made himself quite miserable . . . and then put it all on to his wife."

"Well, why didn't you stop me?" said Jeremy helplessly.

"I wasn't going to be a drag on you; if you'd volunteered for a submarine I should have said nothing."

"I should be useless in a submarine," said Jeremy thoughtfully; "I should only fall over the white mice. But I really thought you wanted— Why then," he cried happily, "I might play golf to-morrow, you think?"

"I wish you would," said Mrs. Jeremy.

Jeremy took up his brassey and addressed an imaginary ball.

"Sir Jeremy Smith playing golf in a crisis," he said. "Subject for historical picture."

A. A. M.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Andrews Wilkinson and Mr. Charles Livingston Bull have prepared a charming volume for the winter holidays in their "Plantation Stories of Old Louisiana," but it may be read now by any impatient youngster. In the closing chapters is concealed a bit of real information as to Indian manners, customs and religious beliefs, but the boys and girls will not guess that they are learning anything as they read. As their grandmothers and grandfathers received instruction from Longfellow's transcription of the tale of Hiawatha, so will they gather it from the tale of Metumka's magic. Also, they may find the artist's signature concealed in the end pictures. Twenty-two full-page pictures of owls, wolves, cougars, and birds of all sizes, including a portrait of the red-headed

woodpecker in his best scarlet uniform, are the illustrations. The originality of the book is wonderful considering the existence of the "Jungle Books," but Mr. Wilkinson's animal world is in Louisiana, not in India. Perhaps, some day, it may have a Louisiana sequel. No more entrancing tales can be imagined. The Page Company.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "Faith Tresillion" contains a brilliant portrait of a lady for whom any two men might "turn the heel and backward fly." Old Grandmother Tresillion is as fearsome an old Cornish wife as ever smoked a pipe, or hurled heavy objects down upon the heads of her enemies, boxed their ears when a fiail was not convenient, or requested her friends to

kiss her when matters went to her liking, kindly removing the pipe from her mouth for the purpose. But the old woman's cleverness is equaled by that of her pretty granddaughter, who engineers audacious stratagems. As for the mediævally minded clergyman who in the nineteenth century reads an exorcism to a supposed apparition, Mr. Phillpotts manages to make him amusing without ridiculing him. As is the habit of this novelist, he compels the reader, after closing the book, to admire the skill with which the story is told. The Macmillan Co.

Very rightly has Mr. John Foster Fraser chosen the adjective in the title of his "The Amazing Argentine," for the country amazes in so many ways that the very tourist stands aghast. Fancy a legislature left for days without a quorum, because the members dare not leave their constituencies, lest they be stolen by rivals! On the other hand, picture the honesty of a land which does not profess to exterminate the foot and mouth disease, but pursues each slaughtered animal with unflagging energy until his meat is served on the dinner-table! If the laboratory verdict be "diseased," the flesh is burned, and the Argentine expects the custom of the European artisans when they begin to clamor for cheaper meat. Buenos Aires, the capital, familiarly styled "B. A.," has shops as big as London can show, but the country manufactures nothing and they sell only foreign goods. Prices are maddening and a man needs three times the salary that he requires in England. The most enticing pictures illustrate the volume. The beauty of the buildings, in the cities, the charm of the vast plains unbroken by the sight of man or beast alike allure a visitor. Mr. Fraser is a skilful guide, but one best sees the real Argentinian rustic in

some of the pictures and they will bear minute study. The book should be on the shelves of every public and mercantile library. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

Ralph Adams Cram, Litt. D., presents in his "The Ministry of Art" a series of lectures delivered in widely separated places, from Texas to London and dealing with many aspects of art. He has studied the abstract side of his subject for many years, and in this volume he has so arranged papers containing illustrations of its principles that they form a climax in style, subject and manner. Reverence for religion, serenity, and absolute purity of thought he regards as essential to the production of work really artistic, and he finds the insolent brutality of eugenics and the destructive fury which annihilates a window of rainbow jewelled glass equally repellent. He sympathizes with the spirit which has incorporated the soul of the old West Point in the stately magnificence of the new, and has made river and cliff a frame for the two, concealing such features as should not be visible, and making the whole a vast picture, needing no careful placing of the camera. He exalts the names of the mightiest and most conscientious architects and among his valuable generalities is one calling attention to the great systole and diastole of art in the years 450, 550, 950, 1050, 1450, and 1550. He infers that in 1950 or thereabout, another similar revolution in all the seven arts may be expected. Nevertheless, as the Kingdom of the Church cometh not by observation, but by thought, by word and by just will, as Ruskin said long ago, is an Ecclesia of God so bullded that beholders shall say, not "See what manner of stones are here," but, "See what manner of men!" Houghton Mifflin Co.

